

THE LONDON READER

of Literature, Science, Art, and General Information.

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[REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD

No. 745—VOL. XXIX.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 11, 1877.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



["THE LITTLE FLIRT."]

MYRA THE COQUETTE.

CHAPTER XXI.

Sing, then, of the light
Which you once could not see,
The sequel that comes
To a life's mystery.

A BALMY air, an azure sky, flecked with light clouds which tempered, but not obscured, the sun's bright rays; tiny wavelets lapping the shining sands in indolent suppression of acknowledged power, a few small boats dotting the calm surface of the sea, each and all combined to make an evening stroll soothing and inviting to the recently excited minds of Mabel Stuart and her still more interested cousin, Myra Linton; but the rest and quietude of the scene exerted but little influence on the latter.

"I cannot understand Leonard's silence or non-appearance," she said, fretfully; "I thought he would at least have answered my letter, even if he had not been able to come down at once to share or dispel our anxiety."

"Keep up your faith and hope," said Mabel, with a faint smile; "remember, I do not preach without practice—for Heathfield's absence, with the non-arrival of promised letters, is trying me very hard, but I still believe all will be satisfactorily accounted for."

"But that poor girl remaining uninterred is so shocking," rejoined Myra, "and although Mr. Woodman behaves so kindly, so nobly in the affair, I feel as if Leonard had more right to interfere; but," she added, with a deep sigh, "perhaps it will only prove an additional trouble, for we have gained no advantage from the consequences of the fatal interview between Parkyns and the unfortunate victim of his deception, Mrs. Bunce, not understanding the language, leaves us in ignorance of what passed in that last sad scene."

"Poor girl, poor wretched man!" said Mabel, softly; "he was justly punished by her death, and she was saved from the worse fate of being tied to a criminal."

"Yes," assented Myra, "and her being guiltless of participation in his villany, and having fled from him as soon as she discovered it, leave us free to regard her memory with tender pity and respect."

"One other thing distresses me," resumed Mabel, after a pause, "which is the difficulty of accounting to Mrs. Bentley for our extreme interest in this poor foreigner without entering on the forbidden topic of St. Clair's anxious position, and our consequent annoyances at the disappearance of the man whom Mrs. Bunce accused of having caused the poor girl's death."

"We must keep Leonard's secret at all hazards," said Myra, eagerly, "and leave it to his discretion when he comes" (this spoken a little bitterly) "what disclosures to make to his dotting aunt, whose affection I feel sure will stand the test of poverty, as mine has done," and she turned away with a bright blush of allowable self-satisfaction.

Whilst his lady-love and her cousin were thus accusing and defending his apparent indifference, Leonard St. Clair was enduring fatigue and anxiety by day and night that he might obtain the means to free those dear to him from the danger and difficulties which had so long menaced them. He had proceeded to Mrs. Potter's house immediately after his cautious communication to Mr. Munroe, and astonished the good woman by naming Parkyns' confession, but respecting her kindly feeling for her late lodger, he withheld the doubt he had imbibed that the unhappy man had destroyed himself, merely stating that he had repented of his frauds and thefts, and given him, Leonard, the power to regain his property.

"At least," he added, "you have a packet addressed to me, which I hope and believe will enable me to do so."

"There is the packet," said Mrs. Potter, drawing

it from her pocket, "and I trust it will prove of the use you expect; and I am very thankful, sir, to think that the poor young man has done what he could to repair his fault—poor young man!" she repeated, sadly; and her tears began to flow so fast that Leonard abruptly took his leave, in sheer pity to her emotion.

During his rapid transit in a hansom cab back to the city Leonard opened the important packet and withdrew the key wrapped within a written paper, the perusal of which surprised and annoyed him. It contained a note to an address in Paris, and the few words to himself, "deliver this note yourself and you will receive the box of which the enclosed is the key."

More trouble, more fatigue, and, worst of all, more uncertainty; for who could tell whether his errand might not have been forestalled, and the treasure again placed beyond his reach; at all events the effort to secure it must be made without delay. The hour for his friends to assemble was near at hand, but he must not stay to meet them or he should lose a train. The news that he must start for Paris at once was, therefore, told to Mr. Munroe, and the old man's manly feeling overcame his bodily weakness.

"Go, my dear boy, and Heaven bless your honourable exertions. I will receive our friends, for such I know them to be, and will explain the reason of your absence; be assured they will pardon and approve it."

Three days afterwards the Folkstone steamer was nearing that port, at the same time that a Scotch vessel was steaming against tide towards London. Amongst the passengers stood Captain Allan Gordon, who had preferred returning by water, for a short stay in the metropolis. He had not heard from St. Clair since his hasty visit to Elmfield, and felt anxious to learn his subsequent movements; for Heathfield had enlightened him on the subject of Leonard's engagement to Myra Linton, and the good fellow, knowing nothing of its temporary

breach, longed to know how "the little flirt," as Heathfield had called her, had stood the test of her lover's adversity.

Absorbed in these thoughts he stood silently on the deck, mechanically watching the outward bound vessels dropping down with the tide; it ran very fast, and occasionally there floated by on its surface stray logs of wood, and other unregarded trifles, swept from the wharves and docks. Presently a larger dark object caught Gordon's eye; surely it was a human form. He called the captain's attention to it.

"All right," said the bluff sailor, "lower a boat there—stop her," he roared to the engineers. Both orders were obeyed, and in a few minutes the body of a well dressed man was laid on the vessel's deck. But to what avail for life must have been extinct for hours, perhaps for days. Of course he was unknown to any one on board, but Gordon pressing forward as the other men drew back, saw with a thrill of surprise and horror two gold studs of peculiar shape, left in the dead man's shirt front; and the one which should have made up the set was, he felt sure, engraved, "No. 3, from L. St. C. to L. P.," and was now in the possession of his injured friend, St. Clair.

Drawing the captain aside he told in brief, hurried terms that friend's late trouble and vain pursuit of the man that now lay dead before them; and to prove his truth the remaining studs were taken out and found, in the engraving and numbers, to correspond with Gordon's description.

"It will be an awful bore to have to attend an inquest as soon as we reach shore," said the captain, with a gloomy look, "name unknown crotchets," then turning to those around (who were ignorant of Gordon's confidential disclosure), he asked: "What say you, my friends, shall we give this poor fellow a sailor's grave, and say nothing of our having fished him out of the river, it will be better than reviving the possible grief of friends, and being a great hindrance to our own business."

An unanimous assent was given to the plan, a spare hammock stowed to receive the body, and each man stood bareheaded, whilst Gordon repeated a short prayer, as the mortal part of Louis Parkyns was dropped to the bottom of the Thomas.

When Leonard St. Clair, flushed, eager, and thankful, alighted from the train at Cannon Street, his hand was seized in a friendly grasp, and a well-known voice bade him welcome to England.

"For I can see by your face, my dear fellow, that you have good news to tell," said Allan Gordon, who had preceded him to town by a few hours. "I have just come from seeing that old brick Abel, and as his master had received your telegram I knew where to meet you, and now come along, we can talk when we get to your office. I shall have something strange to tell."

"Yes, Abel, it is all right," said Leonard, cheerfully, as he met the anxious gaze of the faithful servant. "You will see the old firm of Munroe and St. Clair lift up their heads again in honour and prosperity, and I say the same to you, my friends," looking towards the excited clerks, "and shall not forget how well you have borne being under a cloud with your employers; but I must now go to my kind, patient partner."

Later in the day St. Clair's good news was communicated to the parties most deeply concerned, and their congratulations were as sincere on his account as on their own.

"Hallo! here comes the very man wanted to complete our happy trio," cried Gordon, as Captain Heathfield entered Leonard's room.

"I had a letter from Brineport this morning, which has made me uneasy," said Heathfield, after shaking hands with both his friends, "for Mabel is mysterious about some tragical event that has lately occurred in the village, and has evidently caused trouble and distress to her and Miss Linton."

"I can explain the mystery to you, and hope to-morrow to dissipate the uneasiness it has caused to those dear to us both," returned Leonard. "But come with me to my club. They say an Englishman can never discuss any subject, whether grave or gay, without a dinner."

"And even lovers must eat," laughed Gordon. "So alone, messieurs."

Strange and interesting were the details of late events exchanged between St. Clair and Allan Gordon, and when finished Captain Heathfield said, gravely:

"It appears almost a providential coincidence that it falls to my lot to complete the narrative of guilt and punishment which you have begun; but have either of you seen the 'Times' of to-day?"

Receiving a negative in reply he proceeded:

"There is an account in it that a vessel bound

from Southampton to Jersey has foundered at sea, and all on board have perished; and as the time tallies with the intention of Gourmet to leave England mentioned by his poor dupe Parkyns, I think there is but little doubt that that vagabond has also gone to his account."

Silence fell on the group for a few minutes, broken by the light-hearted Gordon.

"Come, my good fellows, we have had enough of horrors. 'Away with melancholy,' and think what joyful tidings you will be able to impart to your beloved ones. Happy dogs!" affecting to sigh; "such bliss is a long way off from my possession."

Leonard smiled.

"You are a good fellow, Gordon, and I prophesy will be rewarded, as we hope to be, by the gift of a loving wife. I start early to-morrow for Brineport, Heathfield," turning to him; "of course you will accompany me?"

"Of course," repeated Captain Heathfield, emphatically.

Mr. Woodman's interest in the fair inmates of Sea View Cottage had increased daily, the peculiar circumstances which had thrown them together having ripened into more intimacy and friendship than would have taken months of casual meetings to produce.

Myra's eager, and as he thought disinterested attendance upon the French girl so strangely thrown on their compassion, had impressed him in his professional capacity with as much admiration as her grace and beauty had at once extorted from him as a man.

A strange thrill had pervaded his frame as he listened to her voice pleading for his aid to be at once extended to a suffering female, to the delay or perhaps total suppression of an interesting legend, which he could see at once would have suited a poetic, romantic mind.

He had early lost a young loving wife, and though valuing domestic happiness had been too fastidious in his tastes and choice to renew in mid age the ties snapped in the heyday of youth; but he had not outlived his desire to possess that "only bliss of Heaven, which has survived the fall," and he felt with pardonable self-satisfaction that he was still capable of contributing his quota towards the completion of a happy home.

Even on the second day of his acquaintance with Myra Linton vague visions of domestic love began to gather round his so long solitary hearth.

She always evinced pleasure in his presence, and both her amiable cousin, and their kind chaperone Mrs. Bentley showed him great cordiality.

Might not these feelings on Myra's part be improved into something dearer and more enduring in the weeks they proposed to stay in this secluded spot?

It was a rude awakening from a pleasant dream when through Mabel's confidential communication of their particular interest in his poor foreign patient, Ambrose Woodman learned of Myra Linton's engagement, and of the villany that had interrupted his happy termination; but once aroused, the noble qualities of his mind soon overcame the selfish hopes of his imagination, and an almost fatherly interest in all that concerned the happiness of Myra took the place of his baseless and more interested aspirations.

To please her and gratify his own benevolent feelings he had made every arrangement for the funeral of the ill-fated girl whose surname they guessed was Gourmet, though of the Christian prefix they were not certain; but Myra still fretted at the silence and absence of her lover, and that a stranger should be obliged to take his place in the sad necessary duties.

Confidence once given, she and Mabel both talked without reserve to their new kind friend, and Myra hesitated not to request as much delay as possible should be given in the hope and expectation of the arrival of St. Clair, whom she still believed ignorant of what had occurred in their village, and consequently tormented herself with the dread that Leonard was angry with her for not having obtained assistance to secure his guilty clerk.

"We cannot defer the funeral longer than to-morrow," said Mr. Woodman, as he came in opportunely to partake of their early tea. "It is hardly fair to poor Mrs. Bunce thus to have scared customers from her house."

Myra sighed, but dared offer no further opposition, and the hour for the mournful ceremony being fixed, the good doctor turned to more cheerful topics.

Through his assistance Thomas had been able to hire a docile pony and easy carriage, in which his mistress could take short pleasant drives in the

vicinity in which Mabel and Myra extended their pedestrian expeditions to many points of interest; but to the often-named "Lorrimer's Leap" Myra would never allow her cousin to proceed.

"We will save the view and the legend until Leonard and Captain Heathfield are with us," she said, "and Doctor Woodman shall be the narrator."

It was a lovely morning. Beneath the rays of the rising sun the sea sparkled like diamonds upon robes of gold, as the waves rolled in with calm, majestic folds, and gradually assumed their power over the yielding sands.

The cousins rose early, by Myra's express desire, and the glorious sight which met their view as they issued from their garden gate and descended towards the sea shore brought to their hearts thankfulness and to their lips praise.

They were bent on a loving errand. Two days before, in one of their wanderings, they had passed through a small wood and come suddenly upon the ruins of a cottage which had probably been occupied by the wood cutter, when the "hoary fathers of the forest" fell beneath his axe; near this a patch of ground had been cleared:

"Where once a garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grew
wild;"

and amongst these, to their surprise and delight, the cousins discovered a group of sweet lilies of the valley, hiding their lovely fragrant forms beneath their glossy leaves, like true chastity which seeks not to be known but by the perfume of its good deeds. It was to gather sufficient of these emblems of innocence to form into a cross to be laid on the breast of their poor foreign "sister," that they had come forth at early morn and trod the dew-besprinkled grass and heather; and now laden with their delicate spoils, carried as carefully as a bride bears her bouquet of maypole blossoms, they retraced their steps and gained their cottage home just as the assiduous Spencer was about to take up the breakfast to her mistress.

Mrs. Bentley had assented to her young friends' wish of attending the funeral of the poor girl whose sad fate had touched her kindly heart; but when the hour drew near she could not avoid expressing regret and annoyance that Leonard's absence should throw his affianced wife on to the care of a perfect stranger in what she now began to think was an unnecessary exhibition of sympathy.

Mabel's gentle arguments and Myra's fond caresses won back the half withdrawn consent, and also gained permission for Spencer to accompany them.

"And Thomas shall drive me near the church if there is a safe road in that direction," she added, with a smile.

The little church "stood as a beacon on a hill," from whence the churchyard sloped gradually down nearly to the sea, on whose fickle waves so many of those now at rest had piled their dangerous craft. A narrow road wound between this and a like summit, the latter crossed by a pathway leading from the railway station three miles distant; and a steeper track down the rocky surface was sometimes used by the villagers to more quickly reach the village.

The western sky was glowing with purple and crimson hues, the gorgeous canopy propping for the sun, soon hastening to his repose, when two gentlemen coming on the hill top paused to note the beauty of the scene.

The solemn sound of the church bell came on the evening air; it startled the travellers, who exchanged a few words, and turned to resume their walk, but their steps were again arrested.

Down in the valley, almost beneath their feet, a mournful group wended its way towards the church. A light load rested on the shoulders of four hardy fishermen; the sable covering of which indicating the solemn object it concealed, bore on its midst the emblem of the Christian's hope, formed of those pure flowers with whose loveliness "the glory of Solomon" could not compare.

Two graceful female figures, draped in simple white, a black scarf being the only badge of mourning, followed the humble bier; a gentleman came next, and then—but the friends stayed to note no more.

A precipitous descent down the rocky path placed Leonard St. Clair and Albert Heathfield each by the side of her whom they both loved best in the world; and after the first burst of emotion from Myra and Mabel, they resumed their progress, manly arms supporting their trembling frames, and manly hearts beating in responsive union with their generous sympathy for the ill-fated Annette Gourmet.

A happy group assembled an hour afterwards in the pretty front room of Sea View Cottage, whither Mrs. Bentley, having witnessed some part of the late

exciting scenes, had hastily returned to welcome her nephew and his friend.

"And now, my dear aunt," said Leonard, "if you are not too tired to listen to a long story you shall hear all your unworthy nephew has gone through since he left you so abruptly the day after Sir James Johnson's birthday fête."

"I have seen you since then," interrupted Mrs. Bentley, "when you made it up with this little flirt here," placidly patting Myra's head.

"True," he replied; "but that little flirt," with a fond look at his betrothed, "had resumed her power over me, and by her orders you were to be kept in ignorance of what, at that time, menaced the happiness of us all."

"Then let me hear now all you have to tell," said his aunt, nerving herself for what she felt sure would tax her feelings.

"Wait a few minutes," cried Myra, eagerly. "Here comes Dr. Woodman, and he has been so mixed up with us in our recent troubles that he ought to know how they originated."

"And how they are happily dispersed," added Mabel, "for he has been to us both as a kind elder brother."

This simple eulogium procured the doctor a cordial reception from the two friends, and dissipated at once a slight jealous feeling which had arisen in Leonard's sensitive mind. And thus, with none but interested auditors, he began his narrative.

The varied emotions it evoked may be easily imagined; pity for the misguided Parkyns and for the innocent victims of his and her brother's guilt predominating over the remembrance of the distress that guilt had caused.

"And but for my good Monroe's illness I should scarcely regret circumstances which have tried and proved our love and friendship for each other," concluded Leonard, with a grateful look round the interested circle.

"One thing let me say by way of caution to you, my dear boy, and to you, my good friend," said Mrs. Bentley, addressing her nephew and Captain Heathfield. "Do not let earthly love make an idol of its object, for in most cases, as in this sad one we have just listened to, that idolatry brings its own punishment."

The young men looked grave for a minute, but the fond pressure of the fair hands they held and the look of happy confidence they exchanged proved that on neither side need a sacrifice of principle be dreaded to prove their love.

Dr. Woodman felt a slight twinge of envy, but it passed, and he said, gaily:

"This dissertation upon love and lovers reminds me, Miss Linton, that you and your cousin have not yet seen 'Lorrimer's Leap.'"

"No," cried Myra; "let us go to-morrow, and remember, with a pretty little imperative gesture, 'you are to meet us there, and tell the legend in your very best style.'"

The doctor laughed, promised acquiescence, and naming the hour of appointment took his leave.

CHAPTER XXII.

Vapours, heavy and dark and cold,
Shroud the vale with many a fold;
They cover, too, the far off heights
Of princely mountains, whose soft light,
Like purple gowns
And golden crowns,
Would guide me from this misty night.

"The doctor," as Mr. Woodman was always called by the country folks, was a great favourite and assistance at the "Penny Readings" which were got up by the clergymen and gentry to amuse their poor neighbours and themselves in the dull winter months.

He read extremely well, and also frequently managed to give the effect of extempore recitation to the compositions, grave or gay, of the amateur authors of the vicinity.

The strange story, handed down from father to son for unnumbered years, relating to the precipice called "Lorrimer's Leap," had struck him as the groundwork of an exciting tale, and, thanks to the co-operation of a lady friend, who sometimes scribbled for pastime, he was furnished with a narrative which he had at several "Readings" delivered to the gratification of his mixed audience.

On returning home that evening from Sea View Cottage he took down the well-worn MSS from his book-shelf and carefully scanned it over before retiring to bed.

"It is not much I can do to please her," he murmured, "but that little I will try to do well."

It was to be evening that he was to meet his friends, and Mr. Woodman, rather hurried his visits to his various patients that he might be punctual in keeping his appointment.

The two pair of lovers, although they might be pardoned for lingering a little in the embowered Climb Cliff lane, talking the sweet nonsense so pleasant to utter, so delightful to hear, were but a few minutes behind their new friend, at the rendezvous; and after cordial greetings, Dr. Woodman said:

"I am here to obey the orders given me last night, therefore, fair ladies and gallant gentlemen, when you have gazed your fill at this grand view of the unfathomable sea, and have cautiously looked down this rocky precipice, if you will follow with your eyes as I point out the various objects of which my story speaks, I will try to tell you the legend of 'Lorrimer's Leap.'"

"More than two centuries ago there lived in a neighbouring county, now levelled with the ground, the young and lovely heiress of Baginbun, whose beauty and riches, joined to natural and acquired endowments, procured her many admirers and suitors for her hand. Of these Sir Egbert Lorrimer, a young man possessed of every quality to win and deserve a maiden's love, apparently stood foremost in the favour of the fair but fickle Lady Amabel. Two other knights of ancient lineage, and more wealthy prospects than Sir Egbert's, were as sincere and ardent in their professions to the beautiful heiress, and to these she occasionally accorded such gracious recognition of their homage as served at once to elevate their hopes and depress those of her devoted slave, Sir Egbert.

"To him she was cruelly capricious, now letting him bask in the sunshine of her smiles, and believe that he saw in her eyes the love she refused her lips to utter, and again freezing him with indifference, or scathing him with scorn. But his true, manly love bore all. Her slightest wish was his law, and he fed on the crumbs of favour vouchsafed him in the hope that his devotion would at length win success. For nearly a year the Lady Amabel thus played with the hearts of honourable men, but at length a decision in favour of one or other seemed necessary, unless she would lose all three.

"Had she followed the real feelings of her heart her choice would at once have fallen on Sir Egbert, but unwilling to relinquish his power over him, and to own submission to his many tendernesses, she resolved to try his fleet on three distinct times, when her wishes should be carried out under whatever circumstances they might be expressed. Whilst pondering on the nature of the oracles to be proposed an opportunity occurred for the first trial of Sir Egbert's loyalty.

"The Lady Amabel had a favourite dog—one brought from foreign parts by a friend of Sir Thomas Steyne, and on this little animal she lavished caresses her donor would have given his weight in gold to receive; but in this case he could not appropriate the flattering proverb 'love me, love my dog,' and after awhile Sir Thomas not only regretted having made the gift, but sought means to remove it. Bibi fell ill. No one in the household could discover the cause of the illness or suggest a remedy, and his mistress was in despair.

"Sir Thomas Steyne thought it would be prudent to have him killed; his mistress shrieked with horror. Sir Hubert Burrowes offered to take him to his keeper for advice; the Lady Amabel would not trust him from her sight. Sir Egbert Lorrimer had been silently examining the poor little animal.

"Cannot you suggest something?" cried the lady, almost fiercely to her lover.

"What would be my garden if I cured him?" he inquired.

"I would give anything in my power to bestow," she answered, eagerly.

"Will you give me your love?" he asked, earnestly.

"Try me," she responded, with a bright blush; 'but remember, there must be no delay—no failure, or—'

"The sentence was not finished, for Sir Egbert had hastily withdrawn.

"Behind that jutting rock on the left there is a little bay sheltered from the waves, which sometimes beat with fury on the coast, and here Sir Egbert kept a boat, in which he often rowed round these cliffs to shoot wild (or) catch rare fish, as offerings to the Castle. That dark mass which is just visible above the surface of the waves is a huge rock, lying as an island a few miles from the shore. On it there grew, perhaps still grows, a moss famed for its healing powers, and to procure some of this peculiar plant Sir Egbert now prepared to risk his life, that he might save that of the little animal so valued by

the lady of his heart, and reap the reward of that lady's acknowledged love.

"The wind was boisterous, the sea was rough, the tide was rapidly advancing, when Sir Egbert, having descended the rocks by a rude pathway, still partially visible, reached the bay and unmoored his little boat. The Lady Amabel had been told of his intention.

"It is dangerous, madame," said her tire-woman, 'beg of him not to go.'

"Her lady turned on her a haughty look.

"He goes in obedience to my wishes," she said, and her heart beat high with unworthy exultation at this proof of his submission.

"But she mounted to the turret chamber, and watched with anxious eyes the tossing of the little speck upon the troubled waters—now it was hidden from the view, anon it rode on the crest of the wave, which had nearly submerged it and now it was no longer visible, and the storm increased, the darkness fell, and it was night ere the clang of the Castle bell announced Sir Egbert's return, whose drenched attire and evident fatigue gave proof of his late perilous exploit.

"Bibi's life was saved—Sir Egbert was too noble-minded to suspect treachery in another, or Sir Thomas Steyne's blank look might not have passed unnoticed, when a small wound under one of the dog's long ears received the healing application of the island moss; and three days afterwards Bibi was as well and lively as ever.

"Have I earned my reward?" asked Sir Egbert, timidly, as he presented the little favourite to his mistress.

"Partially so," she answered, evasively, 'but I must have other proofs of your courage, and resolution to succeed in any task I ask you to fulfil. In this case you knew both the cause of Bibi's ailment and of the remedy to cure it; it was scarcely fair to make terms with me in the way you did.'

"Sir Egbert felt the ungrateful speech, but there was a softened look in the lady's eyes, which seemed like a drop of sweetness in the cup of mortification, and he silently submitted. The Lady Amabel was uneasy in her mind. She could not think of anything sufficiently perilous to test Sir Egbert's love. Sir Thomas Steyne had formally laid his hand and heart before her acceptance, and unwilling to part with an admirer, although never intending to accept him, she had asked for a week's delay before giving her decision.

"Sir Hubert Burrowes had somewhat relaxed in his attentions, a counter charm existing in the person of the daughter of a noble neighbour; but still a smile, a glance would bring him to his old allegiance, and a wish expressed for his presence never failed to ensure it. Something must be done, she must bring matters to a crisis. If Sir Egbert performed some gallant deed which neither of his rivals would dare to do, she would be free to own her preference, and the others could not blame her choice. But still the doubt remained, what task must she enjoin? One glorious autumn morning the exulting beauty summoned her three admirers to attend her on a hawking expedition; it was on these very cliffs the sport was to take place.

"She chose to carry her little favourite Bibi before her on her white palfrey, and had frequent difficulty in restraining his eagerness to join in the chase when the quarry flew wildly from the hawk's pursuit. Ever since Sir Egbert's cure of Bibi's poisoned wound the little creature had evinced such fondness for him as often raised paltry jealousy in his mistress's mind.

"Sir Egbert rode near her saddle bow; but his entreaties for her to remain at a safe distance from the cliffs were treated with disdain, and an intimation given that a less close observance of her actions would be more agreeable; especially as Bibi struggled more than ever to get to his benefactor. Vexed at this display of the dog's gratitude, the Lady Amabel called Sir Hubert Burrowes to her side, and flattered his vanity and raised false hopes by placing Bibi in his arms and requesting him to take charge of her precious dog for awhile, and then with a malicious smile at Sir Egbert she dashed off to where the falconer was about to cast off the jesses from a favourite well-trained bird.

"This transfer of her four-footed favourite brought consequences a little reckoned on. Bibi was more restless than before in the arms of a comparative stranger, and the knight had the double task of holding the dog safe and of reigning in his excited horse, which would fain have followed his companions.

"Sir Hubert was also a keen sportsman, and he chafed at the restraint thus imposed upon his amusement by the selfish act of a capricious maiden; but when Sir Egbert galloped past, still resolute to shield his lady-love from rash venture on these

dangerous cliffs, Sir Hubert's horse plunged forward so violently that his master lost his hold of Bibi, and in a moment the poor little fellow was precipitated over the edge of the rocks. The Lady Amabel and her two cavaliers turned at the sound of the horse's quick approach and the shout of dismay raised by his rider.

"Where was her dog, she asked, in eager tones. One glance at his pallid face and the fatal truth was guessed. The lady wrung her hands in agony. Where did it happen? Sir Hubert stammered out an explanation.

"Come back with me and point out the exact spot," she ordered, imperatively.

"The three cavaliers accompanied her. Yes, there on the boulder-strewn shore she could see a little snow-white heap. Poor Bibi! Of course he was dead. No life could remain after a fall of over two hundred feet. She wept in vain regret for having given him from her care; then, all at once observing Sir Egbert gazing sorrowfully down on his little friend, her mood changed, her tears were dried, and her eyes flashed with indignation as she said:

"This is your fault; if you had not kept so near me, against my express desire, my poor Bibi would have remained quiet, but your paltry desire to win the poor dog's notice irritated him, and now see the consequences. I hope you are satisfied with your work."

"Sir Egbert reddened under the unjust implication.

"I saved his life once," he said, "when it imperilled my own to gain the means to do so, and I would do so again if there was any chance of its being successful."

"There is—there is," she cried, eagerly. "I am sure I see him move. If he were brought to me he might be saved."

"But that is impossible," said Sir Thomas Steyne, who was the least concerned of the party.

"It is not impossible," she retorted, vehemently; "if either of you loved me truly you would attempt the deed, and I would love you in return."

"Sir Thomas and Sir Hubert both drew back from the dangerous proximity of the precipice, and tacitly declined the temptation thus held out.

"Sir Egbert, will you undertake it?" she asked, imploringly, the cruel thought even then arising that this was just such a perilous test of his devotion as she had longed for. "You know the reward which will be in store for you."

"You have broken your word before," he answered, coldly. "How can I trust it again?"

"But now I swear it," she said, earnestly. "If you will bring my dog alive to me, however bruised or wounded he may be, I will reward you with my love, and become your wife whenever you may desire it."

"Sir Egbert's grave bow seemed not that of an ardent lover.

"I gave you my promise to peril my own life to save that of your dog if there was a chance of doing so. You tell me that there is that chance—that you can see him move?"

"Yes, yes. I do—I do!" she repeated.

"Then I will fulfill my word," he continued, "and should I live to claim it no doubt yours will be redeemed. Stand back, there!" he cried to his rivals and the attendants who had gathered round; then, withdrawing a short distance from the cliffs, raised his eyes in momentary supplication, and plunging the rowels into the sides of his horse, he took the dangerous leap down this very declivity.

"The woman's heart awoke to the horror of the deed she had instigated; her shrieks rent the air, and turning her palfrey's head she galloped wildly towards the Castle gates, whence a rough, circuitous road led to the rocky shore.

"I shall find his shattered corpse, and I have killed him," she cried aloud, as she urged her gentle steed forward, and was followed by her shocked and terrified attendants.

"She reached the shore? What did she behold? Sir Egbert, pale—dizzy, supporting himself against a fragment of that very rock on which his poor horse had struck with fatal force, thus propelling his master to comparative safety (and being killed himself), and on his uninjured arm lay poor Bibi, sorely wounded, bleeding, dying, but still alive.

"The Lady Amabel jumped from her saddle and rushed towards her lover.

"Egbert, I am yours for life," she cried; "oh, come with me, my love, and as your wife give me the right to tend your injuries, and minister to your life-long happiness."

"Pardon me, lady," said the knight, faintly but firmly. "I have redeemed my word, holding the poor bleeding dog towards her, but I now give you back your promise, or rather I decline its fulfilment. My wife must possess my esteem as well as my love, and having, by your heartless conduct, forfeited the one, the other no longer exists."

"The lady grew red and pale by turns. Should she supplicate for what had been so long ardently tendered to her acceptance? Sir Egbert spoke again:

"I should have deserved my fate had I been killed," he said, "for I allowed earthly love to overcome my duty to my Maker, who 'has fixed His canon against self-slaughter,' in the dread command, 'Thou shalt do no murder.' I only regret that my good horse has been sacrificed by my wicked error, and now take the poor brute for whom you made me imperil body and soul."

"But as he placed the little animal in her unwilling arms he licked his kind friend's hand, and with a faint struggle to return to his protection poor Bibi died in the vain effort.

"Yours has been a short-lived triumph," said Sir Egbert, with a bitter smile, "and now farewell."

"He turned hastily away and strode towards the little bay already named, whence, in his small boat, he rowed towards his own demesne, and was never seen again by the heiress of Eaglesmount.

"And thus ends the legend of 'Lorrimer's Leap.'"

(To be Continued.)

APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

SHE wears them in her bright black hair,
Sweet clusters! touching her white brow,
And falling on her neck so fair
It seems to shame the driven snow.

Ah me! I missed, one year ago
We sat beneath the apple tree,
On which these tender blossoms shone,
And she her heart's love pledged to me.

But she was false as she is fair,
And changed the old love for a new;
And now her careless, trifling air
Bespeaks the new love tiresome too.

She wanders down the garden path,
Her white robes fluttering in the wind;
While I ("Oh! tell it not in Gath,")
Follow, entranced, like slave or hind.

The glimmer of her scarlet shawl
Seems like a beacon light to me,
The same as when a twelve-month since
A foolish moth I would not see.

I touch her hand, so white and cool,
She turns with such a sorrowing look,
I think she loves me still. Ah, fool,
She acts her part as from a book.

I touch the flowers upon her hair,
The apple blossoms fair to see.
"Purchased," she cries, with merry air,
Alas! they are as false as she! M. A. K.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE DRAMA.

AQUARIUM THEATRE.

HERE novelty succeeds novelty under the dispensation of Mr. Wyrou Robertson. Dr. Lynn exhibits daily in "the coolest theatre in London" his cool assurance by performing seeming impossibilities and telling you "that is the way it is done." His latest "Tri-Union Feat" is unparalleled as an achievement of rapid transformation; indeed his "daylight séances" so confound received ideas of matter and spirit that "seeing" is no longer "believing." In the evening, too, Miss Virginia Blackwood impersonates the Marchioness, and Little Nelly in "The Old Curiosity Shop," the drama seeming to thrive kindly in its transplantation to its new home under the glass arches of the Westminster Aquarium.

But the novelty for naturalists and sightseers is a real live gorilla, in the person of "Mr. Pongo," who on Saturday "interviewed" the press and a select party of scientific gentlemen in the lecture-room. This specimen of the "man-ape" is the only living gorilla—with the exception of the one exhibited in Wombwell's menagerie more than twenty years ago—ever brought to Europe. "Mr. Pongo," who comes with a social reputation from Berlin, where he

has had an introduction to the Imperial family and numerous princes, nobles, and dignitaries, was brought from Africa by Dr. Fraukenstein, of the German West African Expedition, and is accompanied by Dr. Hermes, Director of the Berlin Natural History Museum, and two attendants. He is certainly a most singular caricature of humanity. Though only three years and a half old the juvenile already measures thirty-six inches, and has increased in weight by eleven pounds and three and a half inches in the twelve months of its captivity. Its "nigger" face is full of a quaint human expression, and its docility, good temper, and imitative powers produce a most interesting and amusing impression on the spectator. "Mr. Pongo" exercises himself upon the trapeze, performs upon a loose rope, dines (at least he did so on Saturday) off ramp-steaks and potatoes, which last he dips in salt to relish his beer; and finally appreciates a glass of wine like a connoisseur. His companions are a young chimpanzee and a German dog called "Flock," with whom a friendly intimacy is already established. We will not here dwell further on this interesting specimen of what some modern professors have asserted to be our common "ancestors," as we shall endeavour to obtain a life photograph of "Mr. Pongo," which with a full account of the gorilla, we may shortly present to our subscribers.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.—THE TELEPHONE.

THERE has been so much talk about the telephone in the Yankee papers, and such very marvellous accounts of the way in which the leading pieces of music played at a concert in Washington, for instance, have been audibly reproduced in New York, that it was with no little curiosity that we wended our way to the Queen's Theatre to hear Mr. C. F. Varley's promised trial of his instrument. We need not remind the reader that Mr. Varley is one of the cleverest practical electricians of the day, so that what can be done or has been done by our transatlantic cousins is certainly within the scope of Mr. Varley's ingenuity. On the first occasion of our visit the wires were "knotted," that is the notes played in the concert-room were not only reproduced in the upper room at the Queen's Theatre, but were also transmitted across the Thames to the Canterbury Music Hall. We shall watch with interest the development of this new invention, which we must confess failed ludicrously in conveying the true quality of many of the notes transmitted to the "tympan," the sounds being quite comic in their mal-apropos interposition in some of the pathetic popular melodies given as "tastes of the quality" of the telephone. Mr. Varley is said to have succeeded in transmitting by this instrument the tones of the human voice. This will indeed be a stride in the transmission of what may be called interlocutory telegrams.

THE season at Drury Lane will open on Saturday, September 22nd, when Sir Walter Scott's "Peveril of the Peak" will furnish characters and plot for a new drama, by Mr. W. S. Wills, whose "Charles the First" and "Jane Shore" have established his fame as a stage-adaptor of the romance of history.

At the Alhambra "Orphée aux Enfers," with its four ballets and Offenbach's latest emendations and additions, pursues its successful career.

THE Marylebone Theatre is playing the original of Boucicault's "After Dark," under its first title "The Scamps of London."

At the Globe Theatre Mr. Paul Meritt's drama, "Stolen Kisses," is justifying the favourable verdict we gave on its first performance. "The Lion's Tail" is greeted with roars of laughter. "Goody" boy and "naughty" boy of Mr. Righton should be seen by those who have shuddered at "The Lyons Mail."

THE "Pink Dominoes" is still the pièce de résistance at the Criterion, with Mr. Charles Wyndham's company.

At the National Standard, Messrs. Douglass are playing "Lady Audley's Secret." Miss L. Moodie is the terrible governess, and Mr. W. Redmond, Robert Audley.

THE Royal Italian Opera season closed on Saturday with "Aida," the title-character by Madame Adelina Patti. On Saturday, August 11th, Covent Garden will be opened by Messrs. Gatti, for their annual series of promenade concerts, under the able conductorship of Signor Arditi.

THE Lyceum Theatre closed its season on Saturday with two performances, at 2.30 and 8.30, of "The Lyons Mail," and on Monday Mr. Irving played "Hamlet" for his farewell. On Monday (Aug. 6th) Mr. Irving's provincial tour will open at Manchester with Shakespeare's "Richard III.," supported by the Lyceum company.



[THE CAPTAIN OF THE "PETREL."]

THE LADY OF THE ISLE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

EARLY the next morning Lord Montessor went down to the wharf to inquire for the "Petrel."

A trim, tight-looking little clipper, standing a cable's length down the river, was pointed out to him.

He called a boat, got into it, and directed to be rowed to the "Petrel."

On arriving alongside the vessel, Lord Montessor found himself in the midst of a busy scene. Many other boats, heavily laden, were around the clipper, the crew of which, seeming to consist of four negroes, were engaged in taking in freight.

Lord Montessor had his boat brought up to the starboard gangway, and forthwith went on board, where, besides the four black sailors, who were engaged in hauling up heavy bales from the boats on the larboard, he found two manly boys of about ten and twelve standing on the deck. "Can you direct me to the captain?" asked Lord Montessor.

The darkies suspended their labours for an instant to look at each other and grin.

"The captain, my good fellows—the captain—where is he?" again asked Lord Montessor, thinking they had not understood the first question.

"Gentleman asks for the captain! My eyes, Sam! I reckon he's bound for Point No-Point," said one of the men; and all, negro-like, slackened their ropes and left off work, to gaze, grin, or gossip, as opportunity might offer.

But before Lord Montessor had time to reiterate his question, he was startled by a clear, ringing, sonorous voice, shouting:

"Aho! there! What are you about, men! look alive! look alive! bear a hand! bear a hand!"

The men laid themselves with a goodwill to their ropes, and the heavy bales and boxes soon swung between the boats below and the bulwarks above.

Lord Montessor turned to ascertain whence the cheery voice came; and he saw, standing upon the

deck, with a small speaking-trumpet in her white hand, a tall, handsome young woman, with a finely developed form, broadly-expanded chest, frank, resolute countenance, shining black hair, and flashing black eyes. Her dress and hood of coarse grey serge could not disguise her singular beauty.

"So, that's it! Haul hearty! Cheerily, boys!—cheerily!—so—!" called the same animating voice, as the men hoisted in the freight.

Then she lowered the little speaking-trumpet, and advanced to receive Lord Montessor, who was going towards her.

"Some sister, or daughter, perhaps wife of the skipper, doing duty in his absence. Some shore-mate acting as shipmate—a very piquante position, upon my word!" thought Lord Montessor, as he paused before the young Amazon, and lifted his hat.

"How do you do, sir? Have you any business with me?" asked Barbara. The tone was frank, short, decided, almost abrupt.

"I have business with the skipper, if you will be so kind as to direct me where to find him, young lady."

"Ah! you wish to see Brande, master?"

"Yes, madame."

"Here he is, then," said Barbara, laying her hand proudly and fondly on the head of the elder boy, who stood at her side.

Lord Montessor looked surprised and perplexed.

"Excuse me, madame, did I understand you to say—"

"That this lad is Brande—master? Yes, sir. The vessel belongs to him and his brother, and sails under his name. But until he attains his majority and acquires a competent knowledge of navigation and seamanship, I, his sister, am acting master. I am the responsible person here, sir, if you have business with the ship. (Aho! there! Bob! man the long boat and go on shore to bring off those bales.) Now I am ready to listen to you, sir."

"Excuse me, madam; but expecting to find Captain Brande to treat with, I came on board hoping to be able to secure a passage to the West Indies for myself and men."

"Who are you, sir?"

The question was frank, direct, and abrupt like all her talk.

"Pardon me, I should have anticipated your question; I am the Viscount Montessor."

"And how many men have you, sir?"

"Two—a valet and groom."

"Well, sir, I know of no reason why you should not find a berth here. We are prepared to accommodate a limited number of passengers. (Look alive there, boys!) We sail on the first of October, sir, wind and tide favouring, and shall be glad of your company."

Here was a dilemma!

Lord Montessor was, of course, far too high-bred to express his surprise, perplexity and doubt, and he was also too self-possessed to betray those emotions to any creature less quick-sighted and penetrating than the Amazon before him.

As it was, Barbara saw and understood the utmost extent of his amazement, hesitation, and curiosity—perhaps it piqued her, for she suddenly exclaimed:

"Well, sir! since you have come on business, bring it to a conclusion. Question me, sir. Question me, sir. I had far rather be questioned by a gentleman than see him stand silent before me, suffering the pangs of suppressed curiosity!"

The blood rushed to Lord Montessor's brow, and half in displeasure, half in amusement, he replied—

"I regret very much that I have such a tell-tale countenance—but I am sure you will pardon me for the involuntary betrayal of the surprise I felt at finding so young and handsome a woman in so novel a position."

Barbara bowed—lowly, and perhaps ironically.

"You arraign me, sir! if not in words, yet in thought. I am put upon my defence. Come, sir! read the indictment—let me hear wherein I have broken His law or man's."

"What a termagant!" thought Lord Montessor; but he said:

"Nay, indeed, Miss Brande, I arraign you not—I simply wonder—begging pardon for even so much."

"He thinks I am a vixen," said Barbara to herself; then aloud:

"There is no need of wonder, sir. It is all very simple. I am left guardian to two boy brothers, whom I am to support, and to bring up to self-support. I chose the means best fitted to the end."

"But might not some more—I beg pardon, I grow impertinent."

"Not so, since I have challenged examination, sir!—you were about to inquire—?"

"Whether some more proper feminine occupation might not have been found."

"I thought so! there it is again! What, precisely, do you call proper feminine occupation?—sewing? teaching? acting? keeping boarders? selling goods?" Barbara drew a long and deep inspiration, that seemed to relieve her breast of the weight of these thoughts, and resumed—"No, sir—these may all be sufficiently feminine, but they require certain qualifications in which, happily or unhappily, I am deficient; they also involve confinement, subordination, and patronage—which my soul could not, for an instant, brook! For I am born to freedom, independence, and domination."

"Yet, methinks all these are not incompatible with the life of a hostess, a teacher, or a shop-keeper."

Barbara laughed scornfully.

"Yes, Miss Brande, it does suggest itself to me that a sufficiency of freedom, independence and domination might be found in a house of your own, a school of your own, or a shop of your own."

"And still more in a ship of my own!" cried Barbara—her black eyes flashing in triumph and exultation.

Lord Montessor regarded the handsome Amazon with an expression half of admiration, half of wonder.

She continued:

"No, sir; I am unfitted by nature and education to spend my life in pouring out coffee for old bachelors, pointing out A, B, C's to little children, or pulling down goods for idle lady-shoppers. And on the other hand—I am prepared both by constitution and culture for my present vocation. Like all the men and women of my house, I love the sea; from four years old to fourteen I sailed with my father, who taught me navigation and seamanship, which I, with my ardent attractions to the subject, learned much more readily and thoroughly than many a dull or unwilling cadet of the Naval schools has done. So being prepared for it, driven toward it, and attracted by it, I enter my sea-life. No, Lord Montessor, there is something in my blood and in my circumstances, that could not brook the quiet land life you have cut out for me, no more than the majority of women could bear the life into which I rush with enthusiasm. Be it so! every one to the bent of their own taste and talent. Such I take to be his order."

"I have nothing more to say, Miss Brande, except this: Taking it for granted that you are, as you say, well fitted for your position; still, are you safe? In exigencies that may arise, when life may depend upon discipline, will your crew obey you?"

Barbara smiled proudly and confidently.

"Lord Montessor, you are, doubtless, a better student in history than myself. Have you noticed in your reading that whenever the reins of government have fallen into the hands of woman they have been less successful than men in enforcing their authority and putting down revolt. Did England's magnificent Elizabeth ever quail before her ministers, or her people, or fail to enforce her own royal will?—or Russia's terrific Catherine blench in the bloodiest scenes of her time? There are such Elizabeths and Catharines at the present day, and in the humblest walks of life, sir."

Lord Montessor bowed, and Barbara continued:

"As for my crew, I have the means of compelling them to obedience."

His lordship looked incredulous.

"There are but eight souls in all of this ship's company—first, there is myself, acting-master, and my black maid—then come my two brothers, who are devoted to their sister; then my two negroes, who will obey me as only old family servants, who have watched over me on land and sea, from childhood to womanhood, would do; and, lastly, there are two enlisted men—one of whom is an old seaman, who sailed often with my father, and is perfectly reliable; and the other is a young fellow whose countenance is a letter of recommendation, if he had no other—as he has. So that you see, sir, I have not an insubordinate or dangerous character on board."

"I see you have exercised judgment in the selection of your hands."

"With all this, sir, you may not feel sufficient confidence in my competency for the post I have assumed, to trust your valuable life with us for the voyage. Nevertheless, sir, Messrs. Goblright & Co., merchants on Light Street—men who are not suspected of lunacy, have entrusted me with a very valuable cargo."

Lord Montessor bowed absently; his thoughts had reverted to one far away.

"Am I to understand that you decline a berth with us, sir?" inquired Barbara.

This brought his lordship to the point.

"Certainly not, Miss Brande. Upon all accounts, I would not forego this opportunity—no, not for a seat in the Cabinet."

"Come, then, into the cabin and let us arrange the terms—come you, also, Willful, you must learn to transact business," said Barbara, beckoning Lord Montessor and her brother to follow.

They went below; and the terms—where one party was willing and the other anxious—were soon concluded to their mutual satisfaction.

It was near sunset when Lord Montessor left the vessel for the shore, to return to his hotel.

He employed the succeeding days of the week in writing letters to England, and in preparations for his voyage.

Was it strange that, in his conversations with Barbara, he should never once have mentioned or even remotely alluded to the object of his voyage?

We think not; for the subject of his lost Estelle was too sacred to be approached, except under urgent necessity, or in the hope of obtaining direct information.

And what necessity did there seem to be for taking Barbara into his confidence? what information could he suppose her able to give? or what connection could he possibly imagine to exist between his delicate and reserved Estelle and this brave daughter of the sea?

In fact, he never once thought of such a possibility. And yet, had he once broached the subject, how soon Barbara could have told him that Mrs. Estelle had sailed, not for the West India Isles as he supposed, but for a much nearer point, namely, Brande's Headland a hundred miles or so down the bay.

So full is life of mere paper walls!

It was a fine frosty morning, the first of October, when the "Petrel" was to sail. A fresh wind that had sprung up during the night was blowing from the north-west.

At daybreak Lord Montessor entered a hack to drive down to the wharf. His valet and groom followed with the baggage on a tray.

A ride of an hour brought them to the scene of embarkation. The wharves presented a busy, animating appearance.

The harbour was crowded with shipping, whose tall masts, yards, and ropes were distinctly traced upon the background of a clear blue sky.

But the "Petrel" stood off at anchor, some cables' length down the river. And to reach her, it was necessary to hire one of the many boats that glided in and out among the vessels.

Lord Montessor signalled his groom from the top of his dray, and despatched him to engage one.

The man soon effected this purpose; and a large, substantial boat, roomy enough to accommodate Lord Montessor, his attendants and baggage, was rowed up close alongside the wharf upon which they stood.

The trunks were first lowered into the boat, then Lord Montessor, followed by his valet and his groom, entered and seated himself in the stern. The four sailors laid themselves to their oars and the boat flew over the water.

In a few minutes they were alongside the "Petrel," which in her next trim was getting under way. They pulled round to the starboard gangway, where Lord Montessor went immediately up the ladder and stood upon the deck.

In truth, the vessel presented an animating spectacle. Some of the men were busy with the ropes, others with the windlass. The eldest boy was at the tiller.

But most conspicuous upon the deck stood the handsome Amazon, Barbara Brande, in her strong, grey serge dress, but bareheaded, with this fresh wind making free with her blackest of tresses, and flushing with deeper crimson her sun-burned cheeks. She stood there self-possessed and giving orders in her own clear, ringing, decided tones.

Seeing Lord Montessor, she immediately came forward to meet him, saying, in her high, cheerful voice:

"Welcome, sir! you are just in time. We shall be under weigh in half an hour. You know where to find your quarters, sir. Will you go below, or—"

"I will remain on deck, if you please, Miss Brande," said his lordship, who was not a little curious and interested to see how this girl would proceed to get her vessel under sail—feeling doubtful, also, of the sound discretion of embarking his life on such a venture.

"Very well, sir! as you please."

And Barbara left him and went forward.

"Aho, there, Willful! see to getting Lord Montessor's baggage up."

The lad left the tiller to obey. The hoisting of the trunks occupied but a few minutes; the stowing them but a few more.

The deck being then clear again, Barbara went forward to give orders, which she did in short, firm, resonant tones that must have startled a stranger less prepared for them than Lord Montessor.

"All hands up anchor! Each man to his post! and you, Willful, to the helm!"

The orders were obeyed with alacrity.

"Man the windlass."

The four sailors came forward and laid themselves to the bars.

"Heave! heave heartily, my men! And you, Edwy, play up, my boy!"

This last order was given to the younger lad, who raised the fife he held in his hand and began to play a lively, inspiring air, while the men with all their strength heaved at the windlass. The anchor was soon afloat and hauled up to the side of the vessel, catted and fished.

"Quick! now, my men!—haul in the larboard braces forward!—haul home the starboard braces abaft!" shouted Barbara.

It was done.

"Stand by to set the topsail! Man the lee sheet! Ease down the buntlines and lee clew-line! Haul home the lee sheet! Now then, hoist away! Cheerily, boys, cheerily! Brace all taut!"

The topsail thus set the schooner moved slowly before the wind, bearing down toward a schooner that was coming in on the lee side.

Barbara shouted:

"You, Willful! what are you about there? Port the helm! Keep her clear of that schooner ahead! So—steady—nothing off!"

The lad understanding the risk exerted himself until all danger of collision was past.

"Set the jib!—there!—Hoist the mainsail!—Brace round—there—there!—Stand by to haul out the mizzen!—And you, Willful, helms-a-lee!—so!—at all—steady!"

The mainsail now filled with the wind, the craft moved swiftly onward. But Barbara thought that she could carry more canvas. She gave the order—

"Stand by to hoist the top-gallant-sail!"

The men worked heartily. And the vessel, now under as much sail as she could safely carry, ran before the wind, and passing between the North Point and the Bodkin, stood gallantly out to sea.

Barbara drew a long breath, and came aft to speak to her passenger. Her cheeks were beautifully red, her eyes were sparkling, and her black hair, in that short ripple that indicates great vigour of constitution, was floating freely in the breeze. She seemed to be so wise "breathed" by her late exertions. Lord Montessor, as he looked at her, thought he had never in his life seen a finer woman.

"We have the prospect of a pleasant voyage, sir," she said. "With us, the prevailing winds are, at this season, from the north-west; we shall probably sail before a fair wind the whole way. Neither, this month, is there much chance of a thunderstorm."

Lord Montessor bowed.

"That is an agreeable hearing, Miss Brande; but do you not stop at any port on your voyage out?"

"At no port, sir; but I shall cast anchor for a few hours at the Headland—my old home, sir, where I shall have to go ashore, to settle some final business with the young widow lady who has leased it of me. And if you shall be disposed to accompany me there, sir, I can show you one of the oldest houses in Maryland—a house that was built in the year 1835."

"And when shall we reach this Headland?"

"With this fair wind, in six or seven days, sir."

Now what fatality was it that prevented Lord Montessor from finding out the name of "the young widow lady" who had leased Barbara Brande's house?—or from at once accepting her invitation, when they should reach the Headland, to go on shore and look at the house? That life is full of blindly missed possibilities is the only answer I can find.

They continued talking such longer; Lord Montessor growing every moment more pleased with his acquaintance; for there was a frankness, a directness, an uprightness and a downrightness about Barbara Brande, that commanded respect.

"Excuse me now, sir," she said, at last, "I must go and relieve my young helmsman; he is tired, I know," and going forward, she took the tiller from the hand of the boy and sent him away.

They had, as Barbara predicted, a very quick and pleasant run down the Bay; and on the morning of the eighth day at sunrise anchored off the Headland.

Lord Montessor came on deck, where he found Barbara giving her orders. On seeing him she came aft.

"Good morning, sir. You are out early. We have just cast anchor. We shall lie here all day. Look, sir, there is my dear old home."

Lord Montessor looked across the water to the dark Headland that, crested with its old forest trees, loomed to leeward.

The sun, rising behind the shore, threw the whole

place into the deepest shadow—altogether it presented a gloomy, weird, and forbidding aspect.

"It is very picturesque," said Lord Montresor. "Yes; and very interesting in some of its features. They are getting ready the boat for me to go on shore. I should be happy to have you over, if you would like to accompany me."

"I thank you, Miss Brande—if you or your tenant will give me the privilege of a day's shooting in your woods I shall be pleased to go on shore," said Lord Montresor, bowing.

"Oh, sir! We have no game-laws or preserves here. Our game is as free as it is abundant—our woods as open as they are extensive. I am very glad that you should be able to amuse yourself for a day. There are also staunch pointers at the Headland, and old Neptune—who has them in charge will be as good a guide as any gamekeeper in England," said Barbara.

Lord Montresor expressed his thanks.

"And now, my lord, let us to breakfast, and then to the beach."

Lord Montresor first went below to order his groom to get out his fowling-piece, powder-flask, shot-pouch, gamebag, etc., and then followed Barbara into the cabin, where the early morning meal was spread.

After breakfast, leaving Willful and two sailors in charge of the vessel, Barbara, her younger brother, Lord Montresor and his groom, entered the boat and were rowed rapidly towards the Headland. On reaching the beach Barbara said:

"Will you go up to the house, sir?"

"No, I thank you very much, Miss Brande, I think not," replied his lordship, feeling unwilling to intrude upon the unknown lady, who was Barbara's tenant.

"Then come hither, Edwy, attend Lord Montresor to Uncle Neptune's quarters. Tell the old man to take the dogs and show his lordship where to find the birds," said Barbara.

Edwy came forward and bowed, and expressed his readiness.

And with a mutual "good-morning" the parties separated—Barbara Brande going up to the house, while Lord Montresor and his companions sought the woods.

CHAPTER XXV.

We left Estelle and her attendant on the lonely beach below the Headland, when the night coming on.

They looked about themselves.

At their feet lay the baggage, with no one near to take it away.

Above their heads arose the steep cedar-grown bank, with no visible path up its ascent.

Westward rolled the infinite sea, now fast darkening under the evening sky.

Eastward stretched the impenetrable forest, falling into deeper gloom under the lowering shadows of night.

From the sombre and solitary scene they turned to look into each other's faces.

"Blessed saints, my lady, what a savage coast, does any living thing inhabit it, do you think?" asked Susan, with a shudder.

"Why, certainly, you know it, my girl."

"Beg your pardon, dear lady, but indeed no, I don't know it. I'm afraid the captain has put us ashore at the wrong place; and I, for my part, feel as if we were cast away on some desert island."

"But did you not see the house from the ship?"

"Yes, my lady; but now I think of it that makes the matter more frightful; for it must have been a bewitched house, and we must be on enchanted ground, else what's become of it? I don't see so much as a chimney of it!"

"Because we are below the line of vision, being too close under the bank. The house is upon the headland; back among the trees."

"Then how shall I break a path for you, dear lady? for you can never get through these briars!"

"There is a path broken and well worn, of course. And there is an aged couple of servants somewhere near here, who, Miss Brande informed me, had the keys, and would show us up to the house and open it for us. The path to the cabin starts from this landing, she said. Let us look for it, Susan."

"Holy saints, my lady, the sky is growing so dark that I could not see a configuration," said the girl, peering closely to the ground; "and the grass is so thickly strewn with fallen leaves that—"

"Survive, mistress!" uttered a gentle, growling sort of voice from the bushes near her.

"Air-hi!" yelled the maid. "Sweet Providence, what is that? We shall be murdered by this savage!"

And frantic with terror she ran towards her mistress.

Estelle laid her hand soothingly on the girl's shoulder, and turned to see what the cause of alarm might be.

It was the gentle-hearted old negro Neptune, who now emerged from the bushes and came into full view. And if the terrible sea-god had risen from the water, sceptre in hand, he could not have stricken greater terror to the heart of the simple English maiden!

And, in truth, the mistress also gazed upon the apparition in some doubt, as well she might, for the good-old man was rather an awful looking object.

His form was tall, gaunt, and bent beneath the weight of a hundred winters. His face was black, hags, shining, and seamed with wrinkles as a dried prune, and framed around with snow-white hair and beard in spectral contrast to its blackness. A suit of duck, seeming almost as old and weatherworn as himself, and a tattered blanket, pinned with a thorn around his neck, and hanging in ragged folds about his figure; a black tarpaulin hat, with a red handkerchief passed over the crown and round under his chin, and shoes of undressed leather, completed his strange and picturesque attire.

In one hand he carried a rugged, unknown club, upon which he leaned in walking.

On approaching the strangers he pulled the hat and handkerchief from his head, and holding them, came on bowing and bowing, and in deprecation of their displeasure for the fright he had unconsciously given.

The maid shrank away, but the mistress went forward to meet him.

"Survive, mistress!" once more said the old man, bowing very humbly, and then standing back in hand before the lady.

"Good-evening. You are Miss Brande's servant?"

"Yes, mistress."

"She has let me her house. She referred me to you for the keys. We have just arrived to take possession. Will you, therefore, be so good as to get the keys and show us the way thither?" said the lady.

Now, this event was so unexpected that it took some time to make its way into the slow and unprepared brain of the old negro. He found nothing to say or do, but only stood bowing and bowing. Lady Montresor repeated her directions.

But the old man, "still far wide," only answered by another deep obeisance, and the pointless words: "Yes, mistress—deed it are."

Lady Montresor glanced hopefully around toward Susan, who stood peeping over her mistress's shoulder, and whose fears had disappeared before the gentle, deprecating manners of the black.

"Why, what an old jolly brain!" she exclaimed, impatiently, coming forward and confronting the old man.

"Yes, honey, jes' so," replied the latter, bowing to her, and in no degree disturbed by the rudeness of her words.

"Can't you understand, you antique idiot, that my mistress has rented the house from Miss Brande, and that she wants to get into it?" asked Susan, angrily.

"Cisely so, honey. When Miss Barbara spouted home?" asked the old creature, mildly.

Susan lost the last remnant of her patience. "Look here, ancient simpleton, we are tired of standing here! Where are the keys?" she peremptorily demanded.

The curtness of her tone brought the old man at last to a point.

"There ain't but one key—the front door key; I carries it about with me. 'Cisely so, mistress, here it are," he said, producing a huge, old-fashioned iron key, that might have sufficed for a prison lock.

"Well, now, go on before us, and open the door," commanded Susan.

"Yes, mistress; zactly so, chile," was the meek reply, as the old man, advancing his stick, groined along and struck into the narrow hidden path leading up to the ascent of the headland.

"But, stop, will the baggage be safe here?" inquired Susan.

"'Cisely so, honey. Dore's nothin' to 'furb it," said Uncle Neptune.

"Dear lady, please take hold of my arm; the path is very steep, and slippery with the fallen leaves," said the maid.

It was now quite dark.

Lady Montresor availed herself of the proffered assistance, and in a few minutes they reached the top of the headland, and stood upon a level with the ancient trees and the old house, half hidden among them, and dimly perceived through the darkness.

Uncle Neptune going before, went up the steps and unlocked the door.

"Take care, my lady, for the love of mercy! there is not a plank fast on these rickety stairs," said Susan, anxiously guiding her delicate lady's steps up into the dilapidated portico.

Old Neptune was within side the door, hammering at something that he held in his hand, and with which he presently struck a light, by means of which they saw the whole length of the old-fashioned hall; and beside the front door a tiny cupboard, from which the old man had produced a tinder-box and a candle.

"Dis way, mistress. 'Cisely so! Dis is the best parlour," he said, opening the door on the right, and admitting them to a large, scantily-furnished room.

The single tallow-candle made the darkness here so terribly "visible" that the old man, after standing it upon the solitary table, and dragging forward two rush-bottom chairs for the strangers, hurried out to the little cupboard, and brought three or four more candles, which he lighted, and set in a row on the mantel-piece.

With this extra illumination, Susan looked critically around upon "the best parlour." The vast dreary room had one great merit—immaculate cleanliness.

The bare walls were white, the bare floor was pure.

One oak table stood between the two front windows, and upon it was the model of a frigate, under full sail—the work of Willful Brande; at equal distances around the room were ranged a half-dozen rush-bottom chairs; the wide fire-place was filled with fresh cedar boughs; on the mantel-piece were several rare sea-shells, an empty ostrich egg, a fragment of the old "Constitution," sprays of coral, lumps of amber, and other articles collected by Captain Brande during his numerous voyages.

That was all.

Though this was the tenth of October the night was very chilly, and the large room really cold.

"Would you like a fire, mistress?" asked Uncle Neptune.

"Yes, certainly, yes. What are you thinking of? Ugh! I believe we had as well gone to Lapiand," exclaimed Susan.

The old man took the mass of evergreens from the chimney, carried them out, and soon returned with an armful of brush, with which he proceeded to light a fire.

As the cheerful blaze cracked and ran up the chimney, diffusing light and warmth throughout the room, Susan rubbed her hands, congratulated her mistress, and set a chair near the fire for her accommodation.

"Now then, old father, you are a nice old man; on a longer acquaintance—how shall we get our baggage to the house?" inquired the girl.

"Hem-m—jes so, chile. Me and my ole 'oman and Sam kin fetch it."

"Sam?"

"'Cisely so, honey—Island Sam, as is on a visit to us."

"Some acquaintance of yours, I suppose. Very well, my good old father, go and attend to it, and you shall be well paid for your trouble."

"Zactly so, honey," replied the poor old fellow, bowing himself out.

When the door closed behind him Susan took off her bonnet and shawl, put them on a chair, and approached her mistress, who during these few minutes had been sitting before the fire in a mood of deep abstraction.

"Come, madame, permit me to relieve you of these," she said, gently and respectfully, as she untied the ribbons and removed her lady's bonnet, and unbuttoned and took off her mantle.

Lady Montresor suffered her to proceed, and then drew a deep inspiration.

"Don't sigh, dear lady," said Susan, mistaking the cause of her mistress's pensive look; "the old barn is, after all, not so bad. Means will make it very comfortable, and even now it is perfectly clean."

"Sit down, and cease to trouble yourself, child. The house does very well," said Lady Montresor.

Susan obeyed, and was very still for about fifteen minutes, at the end of which the footsteps of the men bearing the baggage were heard approaching.

She hurried out to meet them. The trunks were brought in, and placed for the present in the hall, and the men went back to bring the hamper.

But the old woman who had accompanied them came into the parlour to offer her services to the lady. Going up to her, she stood and courtesied, with the customary:

"Sa vint, mistress."

Lady Montessoro lifted her languid eyes to look at this newcomer.

She was a little, old, dried-up, jet-black negress, looking as though she had grown hard and strong with age.

She was dressed in a bright plaid linsey petticoat, with a blue cotton short gown, and a check handkerchief tied over her head.

"Servant, mistress," she repeated; "kin I be of any service?"

"Who are you, my good woman?" asked Lady Montessoro, gently.

"My name's Aunt Amphy, honey, 'deed it is, child—Aunt Amphy. I's be known to all the country round for a 'spectable, 'sponsible, age-able old 'oman, as knows how to 'duct herself proper—and as any lady may put conference in. 'Deed it is I, honey."

"I do not doubt it," said Lady Montessoro, contemplating this original with a good deal of curiosity. "You said your name was—"

"Aunt Amphy, child: 'deed it is; least ways that's what they do call me, although de name give me by my sponsors in baptism wur Amphytryte, arter the Queen of the Ocean."

"Yes, Well, can I do anything for you, Amphy?"

"Lor' bless you, no, child! no, honey! not a single thing. I's independent, thanks be to my 'Vine Marster. I come to see if I could be of any service to you, child, in showing you the house and furnitur, seeing how you've reuted of it jes as it stands, and if I could make de beds, or get supper ready for you, or anything."

"I thank you; you are very kind. I accept your services, and will reward them; there is my maid; you can consult and assist her. Susan, come hither, my girl."

Susan came forward.

"Here is this good woman, Amphy, who will show you through the house and render you any assistance you may need."

"Yes, child—'deed will I," put in the woman.

"Very well, come along then, and show me where the kitchen is, first of all," said Susan.

"Yes, honey—keep close arter me. And don't you be 'fraid now, if de house is haunted," said Amphy.

There was not far to go. Amphy simply crossed the hall, and opening the opposite door on the left hand side, ushered her companion into the room used as a kitchen; such a poor place; so clean, yet so bare of furniture; a wide fire-place with iron fire-dogs, and surmounted by a mantelpiece upon which stood a row of brass candlesticks, a corner cupboard—the upper part with glass doors—containing common white delf ware, a wooden table, and four wooden chairs, were all the visible articles of furniture.

"Dar honey. What do you say to dat for a 'spectable kitchen?" exclaimed the old woman in triumph.

"Where are the cooking utensils?" asked Susan, eluding the other's question.

"The which, honey?"

"The tea-kettle and saucepan, and toasting-fork, and so on."

"Oh, yes, child, surely. Dey's in de bottom o' de cupboard."

"Now, then, if you will show me where to get some wood and water I will have the fire made and the kettle on by the time the hampers arrive."

"I'll go get de wood and water, child—you jes go and wait to unpack de hampers."

"Very well; thank you; go."

The fire was soon kindled; the hampers were brought in and unpacked; and Susan's dexterous and willing fingers quickly prepared a light repast of black tea, toast, and two poached eggs, which she neatly arranged upon a waiter and carried in and set before her mistress.

"Now do, sweet lady, try to eat something," she said, affectionately; "these eggs look like snow-balls; this toast is browned to a turn, and this tea—better never came from Canton—try now while I go and see what prospect there is for comfortable sleeping."

And leaving the sad-browed lady, she called Amphy from the hall, and directed her to show the way to the best chamber.

The old woman merely opened the door connecting the parlour in which they stood with the back room, and said:

"Dar, dat Miss Barbara's own sleepin' room, and it's de bes' in de house."

It was as bare and as clean as the other apartments. An open fireplace, filled with fragrant pine boughs, and flanked on either side by a linen and clothes press; a four-post bedstead with a comfortable bed, well made up, and covered with a white

counterpane; a tall, three-legged toilet-table laid with a coarse white cloth, and furnished with a small looking-glass; a pine washstand, with a plain delf-ware basin and ewer, and two wicker chairs, completed the appointments for comfort.

(To be Continued.)

SCIENCE.

TRANSPARENT GOLD.

IN the course of a lecture on gold, Mr. A. E. Outerbridge, Jun., of the Assay Department of the Mint in Philadelphia, gave an account of some experiments he had made, with the view of ascertaining how thin a film of gold was necessary to produce a fine gold colour.

The plan adopted was as follows: From a sheet of copper rolled down to a thickness of 5-1000th of an inch he cut a strip 2½ by 4 inches. This strip, containing 20 square inches of surface, after being carefully cleaned and burnished, was weighed on a delicate assay balance. Sufficient gold to produce a fine gold colour was then deposited on it by means of the battery; the strip was then dried without rubbing, and re-weighed, and found to have gained one tenth of a grain, thus showing that one grain of gold can, by this method, be made to cover 200 square inches, as compared to 75 square inches by beating. By calculation, based on the weight of a cubic inch of pure gold, the thickness of the deposited film was ascertained to be 1-930,400th of an inch, as against 1-317,650th for the beaten film. An examination under the microscope showed the film to be continuous and not deposited in spots, the whole surface presenting the appearance of pure gold. Not being satisfied, however, with this proof and desiring to examine the film by transmitted light, Mr. Outerbridge has since tried several methods for separating the film from the copper, and the following one has proved entirely successful:

The gold plating was removed from one side of the copper strip, and by immersing small pieces in weak nitric acid for several days, the copper was entirely dissolved, leaving the films of gold intact, floating on the surface of the liquid. Three were collected on strips of glass, to which they adhere on drying, and the image of one of them was projected on the screen by means of the gas microscope. It was observed that it was entirely continuous, of the characteristic bright green colour, and very transparent, as was shown by placing a slide of diatoms behind the film. By changing the position of the instrument, and throwing the image of the film on the screen by means of reflected light, its true gold colour was seen. Mr. Outerbridge has continued his experiments, and, by the same processes, has succeeded in producing continuous films, which he determined to be only the 1 two million seven hundred and ninety-eight thousandth of an inch in thickness, or ten thousand five hundred and eighty-four times thinner than an ordinary sheet of printing paper, or sixty times less than a single undulation of green light. The weight of gold covering nearly 20 square inches is, in this case, thirty-five thousandths of a grain: one grain being sufficient to cover nearly 4 square feet of copper. The film is perfectly transparent and continuous, even in thickness, and presents all the characteristics of the one shown before. That a portion of the image appears darker is due to superposed films, the intensity of the green colour being proportioned to the thickness through which the light passes.

DYEING LOOSE COTTON.

THE working up of cotton and wool into all sorts of fabrics has of late years received much development, so that now 25 to 30 per cent. of loose cotton may be added to wool, and the fabrics so woven actually deceive the naked eye of the experienced dealer; the only difficult point is to dye the cotton well and fine. It may, therefore, be interesting to quote a cotton-dye method which has been found to answer the purpose well.

With fabrics that do not require to be fulled, all colours can be produced to resemble the tints of wool. The loose cotton, as it proceeds from the ball, may be loosed either by mechanical or manual labour, and as soon as each raw cotton yarn has been boiled two hours in water it is ready for dyeing; but that manipulation may be saved in most colours by immersing the cotton: as, for example, for black, into a logwood bath for two hours, by which time is saved. The chief thing to attend to during the boiling process is to turn the cotton incessantly, so as to ensure that all portions may be soaked through,

otherwise non-dyed white spots would show up. It is also advisable to use separate vats for each bath, by which much dye material may be saved, as the subsequent baths then require less fresh dyestuffs or salts; if the baths have, however, been used several times, or are broken or thick, of course fresh baths have to be prepared and the old ones cleaned out.

ADULTERATION IN BUTTER.—According to Bousin-gault, rightly made, well washed, and well dried artificial butter contains 13 to 14 per cent. of water, while the ordinary market butter of Paris contains from 18 to 24 per cent. of water. Moser found only 6.4 per cent of water in artificial butter; but in the market butter of Vienna he found from 14.9 to 20.1 per cent of water. In pure butter Bousin-gault found 3.13 per cent of caseous matter, insoluble in ether, and in artificial butter only 1.2 per cent. Moser found that artificial butter melts at 28 deg. C. (82 deg. Fah.), while genuine butter melts at 33 deg. to 35 C. (92 deg. to 95 deg. Fah.). He believed that the melting point furnished a quick and easy method of distinguishing the artificial from the genuine. For this purpose it does indeed offer a certain and not-to-be-despised means of distinction; but it fails to detect the mixture of the two. For the latter purpose, no certain and easy method has yet been found.

WOOL BLEACHING.—It has been found that the method of bleaching wool by means of oxalic acid, combined with glycerine, or used alone, has the effect of causing the fibres of the wool to become felted. This is now remedied by saturating the oxalic acid with soda, potash, or ammonia, thus forming a soluble alkali. The bleaching is effected in the same manner, that is to say, with pure water, exempt from lime, and the wool preserves all its suppleness and soft touch.

DYEING CLOTH BLACK.—We dissolve for 50 lbs. of bichromate of potash; 1½ lbs. cream of tartar, and 3 lbs. of sulphuric acid in river water; we heat to a boil, and introduce the wool, which is let stop for one hour. The dye beck is composed of 35 lbs. of logwood, 2 lbs. of peach wood, 1 lb. of fustic; these woods are enclosed in sacks, and kept for 2 hours, before dyeing, in the necessary quantity of boiling water. The dye beck receives 1 cide 2 lbs. of sulphate of indigo and 1½ lbs. of sulphuric acid. We put the wool in this beck, which is raised afterwards to boil for 1½ hours, washed and dried.

COATING METALS WITH PLATINUM.—A Frenchman named Dode recommends the following process for coating cast iron, whether rough or enamelled, with platinum: The metallic articles are first moistened by means of a brush dipped in oil of turpentine, then immersed in a mixture of borate of lead and oxide of copper, and baked in an oven. When thus prepared they are dipped into a mixture of borate of lead, litharge (or massicot), chloride of platinum, ordinary ether, oil of lavender, and amyl ether, and then heated.

BLUE GLASS.

NEITHER glass stained blue nor glass of any other colour "concentrates the rays of the sun as the common burning glass does." A lens, from the curvature of its surface or surfaces, has the property of causing luminous rays which traverse it either to converge or to diverge. By a burning glass or double convex lens, parallel rays are conveyed to a focus. If blue glass is made in similar form, it will act similarly; otherwise it will not.

But blue glass cuts off a very large proportion of the luminous rays, and the light it transmits is nothing but modified sunlight, or rather sunlight shaded and reduced in intensity: so that, so far from blue glass producing a terrible "glare," it transmits an exceedingly mild light. The property was utilised by photographers long ago in order to relieve the eyes of their sitters; while blue spectacles have been worn by weak-eyed people almost ever since spectacles were contrived.

It is not necessary to discuss the question of whether blue glass becomes hotter through absorption than clear glass, in the absence of authentic experiment, on the subject. It is well settled that, as colour teaches us nothing regarding the radiation and absorption of non-luminous heat, any conclusions as to its influence way well be wholly delusive. The absorption depends on the particular absorptive power of the colouring substance, and not on its hue.

Clear glass is opaque to a considerable degree to heat rays, and therefore through absorbing them becomes warmed. The only question, then, is whether the colouring matter introduced is capable of producing increased absorption sufficient to render the

glass hot, and so to cause it to injure the delicate outer portion of the eye through its proximity thereto. In the absence of any data determining this point, no positive opinion can be formed; but it seems probable that the resulting inflammation of the organ would produce suffering sufficiently intense to indicate its cause to the wearer of the glasses and induce them to discard them before the week had elapsed during which the lesion became permanently extended to the optic nerve.

It should be understood, however, that, if blue glass spectacles are injurious it is because of the constitution of the glass, and it does not necessarily follow in consequence of that glass being blue.

MISS BETTY JASPER.

ONCE upon a time—about a hundred years ago, in fact—there lived a very queer old lady, who was very rich and very eccentric.

She owned a large mansion situated somewhere near the Battery, and in it she resided with a number of servants and a much greater number of pets. She had dogs, cats, birds, fowls, parrots, and monkeys.

These pets were all fed and cared for as if they had been human beings. And as it is the fate of pets to die, there was a small burying ground at the end of the garden, which was well walled about, planted with evergreens, and set about with small brown stone slabs, on which we read such epitaphs as:

"Here lies Polly, the most intelligent parrot ever known."

"In memory of Pink, my ever-lamented poodle."

To the funerals of her pets Miss Betty Jasper always went in a garden chair, dressed in deep mourning.

When her largest monkeys died she sent for her clergyman and begged him to read the service. Of course, that gentleman was greatly shocked.

"It would be sacrilege, madame," said he.

"Pshaw!" said she. "I know that monkeys have souls; and Jumbo was quite as intelligent as Pompey, my waiter, is."

And as she could not prevail upon the reverend gentleman to listen to her she actually read a prayer herself, to the horror of her servants, who were all forced to attend with black ribbons on their sleeves.

Afterwards, when a show of some kind was brought to the city, she attended it. Amongst the curiosities was an enormous baboon, at the sight of which she fainted away, crying:

"He reminds me of Jumbo!"

The upper floor of her house was fitted with sleeping-places for her pets, and she saw every night that they had their supper and were put to bed. She also engaged a medical attendant for them—an old cousin of hers, who was a rather celebrated doctor, and lived in the next street. He was her own physician also.

In her youth she had been handsome, and in her old age was very elegant. She wore powder in her hair and diamonds in her ears, and was as straight as an arrow as she swept along in her velvets and satins.

The cousin of whom we have spoken had always been in love with her, and had proposed to her once a year ever since his twenty-first birthday—he was now seventy.

She had always answered that she liked him very well; but that she was afraid she might see someone she liked better. That was her answer, though she was sixty.

When she drove out she always took with her her favourite spaniel, and a very small female monkey named Sally.

The old doctor, sitting at his window, would see her pass.

"If it were not for that abominable little beast I know she would accept me," he used to say, "but she is wrapped up in that creature. I haven't a thought. I'll kill it some day. I shan't be able to restrain myself."

At last, one bitter winter night, someone tapped at the doctor's door. The heavy knocker of the day shook the house, so fiercely it wielded.

"Who is that?" cried the doctor, thrusting his night-capped head out of his upper window.

"Come quick, sir," cried the voice of Miss Jasper's servant. "Come quick, sir, Miss Jasper says she is a dyin'!"

"Good Heavens!" cried the doctor; and in a few moments he was hastening towards Miss Jasper's dwelling. But when he reached the house

he found Miss Jasper rushing wildly about in cap and shawl.

"That rascal told me you were dying," cried the doctor.

"Not I," cried the old lady. "It's my dear Sally. I was silly enough to give her too many Brazil nuts yesterday. Save her! Save her, cousin! Save her!"

The doctor looked at Sally.

"I think I can save her," said he. "But I won't do it unless you'll promise me a reward."

"I'll promise anything," said Miss Jasper.

"Only one thing will content me," said he—the hand I've asked for so often."

"Dear me—and suppose I should meet anyone I liked better afterwards?" said the old lady. "I'll think it over."

"In an hour all the doctors in the land could not save Sally," said the old gentleman.

"It's an unfair advantage," said Miss Jasper; "but I'd do anything for Sally. I promise."

The doctor saved Sally's life, and the old lady married him. After that it is said that for some time the mortality amongst her pets was frightful. Doctors understand poisons.

However, the former Miss Jasper never suspected it. She survived her husband, and when she died at a very advanced age, she had many pets still remaining, for the support of which she left a certain sum of money, and appointed her servant their guardian.

He fulfilled his trust, it is said, and outlived all his mistress's favourites but her parrots.

One of Miss Jasper's relatives still possesses her portrait—a miniature taken at the age of eighteen. She must even then have been fond of pets, for a small dog lies upon her knee, and a canary bird is perched upon her finger.

It's pink and white, and simpering like most miniatures. But the hair being all on top of the head, the shape of its base is distinctly marked, and I have heard a phrenologist declare that the organ of philoprogenitiveness—love for children and pets—is astonishingly large.

M. K. D.

HEART DISEASE.

WHEN an individual is reported to have died of a "Disease of the Heart," we are in the habit of regarding it as an inevitable event, as something which could not have been foreseen or prevented, and it is too much the habit, when persons suddenly fall down dead, to report the "heart" as the cause; this silence all inquiry and investigation, and saves the trouble and inconvenience of a repulsive "post-mortem." A truer report would have a tendency to save many lives. It is through a report of "disease of the heart" that many an opium eater is let off into the grave, which covers at once his folly and his crime; the brandy drinker too quietly slides round the corner thus and is heard of no more; in short this "report" of "disease of the heart" is the mantle of charity, which the politic coroner and the sympathetic physician throw around the grave of "gentle people."

At a late scientific congress at Strasburgh it was reported that of sixty-six persons who had suddenly died, an immediate and faithful post-mortem showed that only two persons had any heart affection whatever: one sudden death only, in thirty-three, from disease of the heart. Nine out of the sixty-six died of apoplexy, one out of every seven, while forty-six, more than two out of three, died of lung affection, half of them of "congestion of the lungs," that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could no work, there was not room for air enough to get in to support life.

A REMARKABLE MAP.

ABOUT the first of January, 1876, Professor Hitchcock, of the Geological Survey, and his assistants began the construction of a raised map of New Hampshire, the design of which was to combine all the present knowledge of the geography of the state which had been obtained in the geological survey made by Professor Hitchcock, Professor Huntington, and others. This map has just been completed, and placed in the New Hampshire State House.

The map is fourteen feet ten inches long, representing one hundred and seventy-eight miles in length (being constructed on a scale of one mile to the inch) and ninety-three miles in width, from the mouth of the Piscataqua river to the north-west corner of Hinsdale, showing the entire surface of the state,

nine thousand three hundred and thirty-six square miles. It also shows all the rivers and brooks, ponds and lakes, hills and mountains, and the town and county lines, railroads, etc. The names of all cities and towns, rivers and principal brooks, lakes and ponds, mountains and high elevations, are given conspicuously, so that anyone can find at a glance what they desire to look up. The height of the hills and mountains is given on a scale of one inch to one thousand feet, and actual measurements are given when known.

The map is constructed of pine and bass wood, and the process of work was this: A map was first drawn on paper of the same size as the raised map, with all the outlines of towns, streams, ponds, etc., and contour lines for each five hundred feet were drawn. Tracings of the contour lines were made on inch layers of pines and bass boards, maintaining as accurately as possible the relative size and shape. These are fastened upon each other, and the valleys are levelled out with chisels.

SUICIDE.

THE number of suicides within the last year has occasioned inquiry and alarm. Two causes account for this distressing feature of the time. The first is the depression of the times through which we have passed, entailing on many a greater pressure than they could bear, and overturning reason, and bringing on others want and misery. The second is the adoption of Continental views of life and its responsibilities. Suicide has never been an Anglo-Saxon feature. But among many otherwise strong Continental races, life is not held as a trust from the Creator, and hence, when the evils attendant upon errors, vices, or even mistakes predominate over the good, life is self-destructed. This tendency is not a sign of strength, but of weakness. There is no courage in quitting one's post without orders.

GLORIA;

OR,

MARRIED IN RAGE.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE next morning David Lindsay took leave of Gloria and departed from Grypsynsfold.

Peter Cummings, the over-seer, drove him down to Wolf's Gap to meet the stage-coach.

There had been no further explanation between this strange young pair. Their parting words had been but a repetition of the mutual promise that had closed their former interview.

"Oh, David Lindsay," she had said, "you will be sure to return to me?" and she clung to his hand, loth to let it go.

"Yes, dearest, I will return just as soon as you write," he had replied, clasping her clinging hands and carrying them to his lips.

"And, oh, if you, David Lindsay, should change your mind, when you get to Wolf's Gap, and feel as if you would like to come back—oh, come! I would not be surprised; I would not laugh at you; I should be so glad to see you!" she said, beseechingly.

How hard it was for him to go then. He had to fortify himself by thinking:

"This is only her compassion. If I were to take her at her word and stay, in a few days or hours she might repent and loathe me—that would be more than I could bear."

"Will you, dear, dear David Lindsay, will you come back with Mr. Cummings if you should change your mind?" she persisted.

"Yes, dearest, I will, if I should change my mind; but that is not likely, is not possible even, for I go for your welfare and my own honesty. You must have time to reflect, to discover what is best for your own happiness."

"That is, I must pass through a probation. Well, I suppose I merit it. But you will come when I write?"

"Indeed I will—when you write for me."

"And that I shall certainly do, David Lindsay." The young man smiled as he thought:

"Dear heart, she believes that she will; but time and reflection will change all that."

And so they parted.

Gloria watched the waggon down the neglected avenue leading from the house, until it was quite hidden from view by the thicket of evergreens.

Then she ran up into her own room, buried her face in the pillow, and wept bitterly, accusing herself of hardness of heart, then praying and hoping that David Lindsay might be seized with a relapsing weakness that would bring him back with Peter Cummings, and finally resolving that, come what might of it, as soon as she should have seen her aunt and passed a few days with her, according to her promise to "take time to reflect," she would write and recall David Lindsay.

Meanwhile, below stairs, Mrs. Brent, who had discreetly held aloof from the parting scene, but had afterward observed the young lady rush upstairs in a passion of sorrow, went and called her niece from the kitchen.

"Come here, Philly!"

"I can't; I am going out shooting," answered the little tom-boy, who was hanging her game-bag over her shoulders.

"Come here, I say, this minute, Philly, I want you," persisted the woman.

"Well, then, what is it?" inquired Miss Phil, making her appearance, her golden hair shining, her blue eyes sparkling, her cheeks glowing, lips pouting, and her tiny white pug-nose turned up sharper than ever.

"Go up presently and try to entertain or amuse our young lady. We must not let her cry her eyes out upstairs by herself," said Mrs. Brent.

"Who, she? Not a bit of it! Nothing of the sort! I don't believe she cares any more for him than I do! There!"

"Why, she is crying now."

"Oh, yes, we all cry when we part with anybody. Sometimes we cry to part with a visitor we had thought we should like to get rid of. However, I'll go to her," exclaimed Philippa, as she turned and flew upstairs.

Gloria had ceased crying, and was sitting on the edge of her bed wiping her eyes when she heard Philippa's rap at the door, and her voice calling out:

"Madame Gloria! Madame Gloria! Don't stay there piping your eyes! Open the door for me! Put on your things! Come out with me! I am going a gunning!"

Gloria opened the door to the rattle-brain, whose merry, mischievous face, at sight, provoked a smile.

"That's right. Auntie said you were crying your eyes out here by yourself. I knew you were not. Now, then, will you come out with me? It is a grand, glorious day. I am going to shoot partridges. Will you come? I will lend you my gun because it is the lightest, and I can take Uncle Peter's. Make haste, now."

"Thanks, Philippa; but I do not know how to shoot."

"Oh, I could teach you."

"But I should not like to learn. I could not shoot or kill any living creature, especially a bird."

"Then it is a lucky thing for you that you have got somebody to 'shoot and kill' them for you, since you relish them so well, my cainty Madame Gloria."

Our little lady did not resent this sarcasm, but replied, gravely:

"Indeed, if I let myself think about that I should not be able to relish them, or even eat them at all. But come, Philippa, if you are willing to give up shooting for this one day I will be glad to take a walk with you."

"Yes, but the poor dogs."

"Well, they can go with us, can't they?"

"If they do they will be sure to start the game."

"But you need not shoot, you know."

"Ah, but that would be so awfully disappointing, especially to Hero, the retriever."

"Well, then, dear, just leave the dogs as well as the guns at home for this once, and come with me. I am sad to-day and wish to go out."

"All right, Madame Gloria, I'll go and explain it to the dogs. They will feel disappointed, of course; but they are very generous creatures, and when they are made to understand your pitiable case they will be pleased to oblige you. Now hurry and get ready, and I will wait for you downstairs."

Philippa ran gaily out of the room, and Gloria closed the door after her, and then went and threw up one of the windows, and leaning out in the direction of Wolf's Gap, with all her soul in her prayer breathed forth:

"Oh, David Lindsay, turn back to me! Turn back!"

She remained a little while gazing in that direction and then closed the window, saying:

"A human soul ought to have as much power to

call a friend back as Bow-bells had to make Whittington return!"

Then she put on her jacket and cap and went down to join Philippa. They went out together for a long ramble over the mountains.

Gloria really did not care much about going out, but she wished to get rid of as much time as she could to shorten the day and bring the evening, when Peter Cummings would return with the wagon from Wolf's Gap, and perhaps fetch David Lindsay back with him.

The two young creatures rambled far over the mountain, lost themselves and struck the path leading to the overseer's house a mile off, before they found their way home again.

It was late in the afternoon; so much of the day was got over. They were very tired and very hungry.

Mrs. Brent soon set a good dinner before them, of which both partook with enjoyment, after which repulsion and rest had a most sedative effect, so that Gloria waited very patiently and hopefully for the return of Peter Cummings from Wolf's Gap.

It was nearly dark, however, when the wheels of the wagon were heard approaching the house.

Gloria did not wait a moment for the overseer to knock or for anyone else to go, but ran out immediately and opened the door and demanded:

"Is it you, Mr. Cummings? Well, who is with you?"

And she looked anxiously around in the forlorn hope of seeing David Lindsay.

"It is I, ma'am, and there is no one with me, nor likely to be, you know. Travelers are scarce in this part of the world," replied the overseer, who could not guess that she had expected David Lindsay to return.

"You saw Mr. Lindsay off?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, all right. The stage was late, and we had to wait a couple of hours or so; but then that gave my brother Aleck, who is landlord and ferryman and postmaster at Wolf's Gap, as perhaps you don't know, ma'am—"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, as I was saying, the stage being behind, gave my brother Aleck a chance to set as good a dinner before us as any man would wish to eat. And while that was getting ready Mr. Lindsay called for paper, pen and ink, and wrote you this letter," said the overseer, drawing the missive from his breast pocket.

"Ah! give it me. Thank you, Mr. Cummings. Won't you come in?" inquired Gloria, as she took her letter.

"No, I am much obliged to you, ma'am. The old woman will be anxious, you know; because these mountain roads be none of the safest at night, and I must get home and let her see me. Good-night, ma'am."

"Good-night, and many thanks, Mr. Cummings."

The overseer drove off and Gloria shut the door, and returned to the big parlour, shivering with cold. The candles were not yet lighted, so she sat down on the floor in front of the blazing wood fire to read her letter.

What a good, strong, loving letter it was!

"I FEEL that you were calling me, my love, but I knew that I must not come at your call. You are not acting in freedom now, dear Gloria. Indeed you seldom act in freedom. You are governed now by a spirit of sympathy with me, of compassion for me. You must not obey that spirit. Wait. Let your aunt come to you. Hear all that she has to say. I know beforehand what it will be. But it will offset that deep sympathy and compassion, which is not love, and must not be mistaken for it by you or me, and so you will be able to reflect and act rationally. If, after you have done this, and then find that you need me, you will write and I will come to you. I would not owe your hand either to the ceremony that has united us, or to your sympathy, your compassion, or even to your conscience. I would owe it to your love only! Love for love, dear Gloria! That is the only possible condition upon which we can meet again. But, meanwhile, dearest, I devote my life to your service, because I love you; and it is my dearest delight to serve you. I serve you now, in leaving you to your freedom of action. And if ever you need a friend or servant who is willing, anxious to live or die for you, call me and I will come!"

Then, with prayers for her welfare and blessings on her head, the letter ended.

This was the very first letter that Gloria had ever received from David Lindsay—the very sight of his handwriting, indeed, that she had ever seen—and it surprised, pained and pleased her, all in one.

Was this the language, these the thoughts, and these the principles of action of the poor uncultured fisher-boy whom she had sometimes felt ashamed

that she loved so much? and more ashamed that she had been driven by the stress of fate to marry?

How much he had developed!

She knew that he talked well and behaved well. She knew that there was nothing but this hardened hands and sunburnt face and russet-clubbing that made him look different from the most refined gentleman that she had seen—may, she knew more—that in much of his conduct there was something more truly gentlemanly, knightly, chivalric than she had ever seen in the renowned warrior, Colonel De Crespigny, or any other man. Still, she had considered all that accidental or intuitive. She had not expected such a letter as this.

She read it over and over, sitting by the wood-fire. Then folding it up, she said:

"I will patiently bear the probation David Lindsay has assigned for me, if only to convince him that I do act as a free agent, and from affection only, when I write and plead with him to return. I will do that! I will have David Lindsay, no matter what Aunt Agrippina may say to the contrary. And he shall go to the University. Yes, he shall go to Oxford—no less a place. I will go with him and live in the town until he shall complete his college course. Oh, I do believe that day I found him on the beach mending nets, I was as truly sent to him as ever Eve was sent to Adam. Yes, dear, dear David Lindsay, you shall win."

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Come in, honey; it is going to be a bitter cold night, and the snow is coming down thicker and thicker; it will be deep enough before morning. Come to the fire, if the fire will burn, which I doubt, because in damp weather these chimneys on the east side always would smoke," said Mrs. Brent, as she stood in the parlour watching Gloria close the hall door, after having seen the overseer off.

"It is a dismal evening," replied the young lady, shivering, as she came to the fireplace, where piles of logs were smouldering sulkily and refusing to burn.

The long room was in semi-darkness, because nothing but the dull, red glow of the smouldering black logs on the hearth could be seen in the obscurity.

"A dismal night in a dismal house," added Philippa, coming from some shadowy corner.

"Oh, Mrs. Brent, light a candle; light a pair, light a pound! How one misses chandeliers and lamps in such a remote place!" shuddered Gloria.

"It's lucky, then, that Peter fetched a box of store candles from Wolf's Gap with him, since you want so much light, ma'am," said Mrs. Brent, good-humoredly.

Then she went to the door and called out:

"Martha Ann! Martha Ann!"

"Mum!" came a voice from the back buildings.

"You take the claw-hammer and pry the top off that box of candles your Master Peter brought home this evening, and take out a handful and fetch them here, and fetch a bit of the packing paper along to light 'em with. Do you hear?"

"Yes, mum!"

"And, Martha Ann!"

"Mum!"

"Tell Uncle Zed to fetch in a big armful of pine knots and comes to light up this here parlour fire; it won't burn. Do you hear?"

"Yes, mum!"

"Well, then, be quick!"

"Yes, mum!"

Then the old lady shut the door, and came and sat between the two young girls, who were shivering over the darkening fire.

Martha Ann soon appeared with a dozen tallow candles, and a piece of greasy, blue packing paper in her hands.

Mrs. Brent took two and lighted them, and placed them in the fixed sconces at each end of the tall mantel-shelf.

Of course, there they only made two little rings of light in a sea of darkness.

"Oh, dear, that will never do. You must light a dozen! Light a hundred!" exclaimed Gloria.

"I don't know where we will find candlesticks to put them in, then," said Mrs. Brent, laughing, as she lighted a third candle and placed it in the hand of Martha Ann, adding:

"Now go all over the house and get as many candlesticks and brass brackets as you can find, and fetch 'em here."

The girl put down her handful of candles and roll of paper and went off on her errand.

Her exit was followed by the entrance of an old, half-bent man, known as "poor old Uncle Zed," who, being past labour in the fields, was only occasionally employed in such light work as gathering cones and brush.

He now came in with an old flag basket full of cones and pine knots on his back.

He emptied this basket on the black, smouldering fire, and almost immediately a brilliant blaze illuminated the whole room, showing every nook and cranny thereof; but only for an instant, for the next the flame went out in smoke, that poured down the chimney, and nearly suffocated the people gathered around the fire.

"Open the windows! We shall be smothered! I told you so, Henry. We can never have a fire in these cast fireplaces in heavy, damp weather like this," exclaimed Mrs. Brent, as her orders were quickly executed by Uncle Zed and Martha Ann, who threw open all the inside oak shutters and threw up all the sashes.

"Let us go out of the room and shut this Tartarus off," exclaimed Gloria, in a half-suffocated voice, as she led the way into the hall, followed by the whole party.

"Shut the parlour door," cried Philippa. "The smoke will fill the house."

Uncle Zed, who was the last one to come forth, closed the door after him, and gently replied:

"Dere, honey, now the air through the open window will soon blow all de smoke away. An' now, honeys, has yer got de 'mount ob a mife ob liker as yer could gib to a poor ole pilgrim in dis wale ob to're?"

"Philby," said Mrs. Brent, "take a glass and go up into my room and look on the left-hand corner of the top shelf in the closet and get the flask of whiskey, and pour out about two table-spoonfuls, and bring it down here to the old man."

Philippa lighted a candle and "levanted" on her errand.

"The only fault poor old Uncle Zed has is his love of 'likker,' if that can be called a fault in a feeble old man of ninety-nine years old; and if it is a fault in him, I am equally guilty, since I always indulge him," said Mrs. Brent, in a whisper, to Gloria.

In the meantime, Philippa sped on her errand, and came back with not only two spoonfuls, but a generous wine-glass full of "old rye" in a glass goblet, which she placed in the hands of the old man, who took it, raised it to his lips, and said:

"Yer see, chilun, dis 'toxyfying likker is de medicine ob de ole gits ob life, but it is a pison an' a snare to de young! An' so, here's yer good health, my honeys."

Poor old Uncle Zed concluded his unique temperance speech by toasting of his dram and bowing reverently.

"Yer see, chilun, I do take it only because it do fill my poor ole body with new life an' my soul with lub," he added, as he took up his empty basket and left the hall.

"Let us spend the evening here," said Gloria, nothing that although the chimney-place on the east side contained but a dull and smouldering heap of logs, that on the west had a brightly-blazing fire.

"Very well, my dear," said the housekeeper; "that west chimney of the hall is really the only one that will draw at all in heavy, damp weather."

"We can have our table brought from the parlour and set in front of this fireplace, and also our easiest chairs (when none are really easy)," added Gloria, with a serio-comic look.

At that moment the girl, Martha Ann, came down the stairs with three old iron candlesticks in her hands.

She started at seeing the whole trio gathered around the fire in the hall.

"We have been driven out of the parlour by the smoke," Mrs. Brent kindly explained. "But go in, Martha Ann, and shut the door immediately after you, and fetch out the candles. We are going to sit in the hall here to night."

Martha Ann disappeared through the parlour door and presently re-appeared with the candles, which she proceeded to light and set in candlesticks and place on the west chimney-piece, until three dim luminaries half lighted the fireless.

"That's all the candlesticks I can find, high or low, m'am," said Martha Ann.

"Well, that will have to do. Now go and bring the table from the parlour," said Mrs. Brent.

The strong-armed girl hurried away and soon returned, partly pushing and partly rolling the heavy round table into the hall.

Philippa went and helped her to draw it into place before the fire.

Then they fetched chairs from the parlour and placed them around the table and in the chimney-corner, and finally, having returned and closed all the windows and doors of that deserted room, they came and joined Mrs. Brent and Gloria in the hall.

The housekeeper and the two young ladies were seated around the table, Mrs. Brent engaged in knit-

ting, Gloria on her favourite silk embroidery, Philippa, I regret to say, in whittling a stick.

The girl, "Martha Ann," stood for a few moments to see if she was wanted, and then slipped silently away.

"I wonder what o'clock it is," said the old housekeeper.

"You didn't bring your clock up," replied Philippa.

"Yes, I did, and set it on the kitchen mantelshelf, but I couldn't get it to go after moving it, and so I put it away in the closet until Peter has the time to come and fix it for me. As for that old hall clock," she continued, pointing to a tall, coffin-like structure in one corner of the back hall, "that has never been wound up, and has never gone since it struck twelve on that awful night, when the appearance—of David Gryphyn burst like a hurricane into the house and whirled through this hall and up them steps, and vanished out of sight."

"Oh, for gracious sake, Aunt Peggy, don't talk about that," exclaimed Philippa, shuddering and looking fearfully over her shoulder.

"I am sure I don't want to, child; but in truth, this night reminds me of that night," muttered the old woman, in a low tone.

"That is natural, since it was also a snowy night just about this time, was it not?" inquired Gloria.

"Yes, honey, it was in a snow-storm, near midnight, about the last of January, twenty-two years ago; and—oh my good gracious alive!"

"Why, what is the matter?" exclaimed Gloria.

"If I had thought of what night this was I would have stopped Peter and made him come back, or promise to come back after he had gone home, to stay all night with us."

"But why should you have done that?" inquired Gloria.

"Oh, honey, if I had thought of what a night this was I never would have consented to stay all night in this house by ourselves," muttered Mrs. Brent, growing more and more distracted.

"Why, what night is it?" whispered Gloria, with some suspicion of the truth.

"Oh, child, it was this night twenty-two years ago that Dyvyd Gryphyn was killed in a duel thirty miles away, and his ghost—if ever a ghost walked—his ghost rushed in with a burst of wind and whirled past me as I sat at this very hearth, and whirled upstairs and vanished out of sight!"

"Mrs. Brent, don't you think you might have been deceived by imagination?" inquired Gloria.

"Imagination, child? Why the whole thing was so real that I could have sworn it was Dyvyd Gryphyn himself in the body—only that he vanished in the house, and no trace of him could ever be found, though there was no outlet by which he could have escaped, and also that the next day's revelations proved how, at the very hour his spectre appeared here, his murdered and mutilated corpse was lying at Wolf's Gap, thirty miles away! No, honey, there is no room for thinking that what my eyes saw and my ears heard was either a dream or an imagination, or anything else, but a fearful, terrible, horrible reality!—Hush! Heaven and earth! what was that?" suddenly exclaimed the old woman.

"What was what?" inquired Gloria.

"That! Didn't you hear it?"

"No, I heard nothing," said Gloria.

"Neither did I," added Philippa.

"It was like a moan sighing along the walls," said the housekeeper.

"Oh, it was the wind," suggested Philippa.

"But there's not a breath of air stirring! The night is as still as death, as still as that awful night twenty-two years ago," muttered the housekeeper, in reply.

The two girls cowered closer the fire and looked up and down the hall.

The three tallow candles that burned upon the high mantel-piece only illuminated the segment of a circle immediately around the fireplace. The remainder of the long and lofty hall was wrapped in gloom and obscurity.

"How far off do the two servants sleep?" inquired Gloria, in a low voice.

"At the extreme end of the back building—upstairs."

"Quite out of reach of us?"

"Oh, yes, quite, I am so sorry to say; they might as well be in another building, for that matter."

"Then, if an intruder should invade us to-night, there is only three of us to defend the house," exclaimed Philippa.

"Hush!" cried Gloria.

"Did you hear anything?" whispered the housekeeper, shuddering.

"It must have been fancy," replied the young lady.

"But what was it?" demanded Philippa.

"Nothing but illusion, my dear," persisted Gloria.

"But what did you seem to hear?" inquired the housekeeper.

"Well, then, if you will have it, when Philippa said, 'There is only three of us to defend the house,' I thought I heard a deep voice near me respond:

"Four."

"That was very strange!" muttered the housekeeper.

"Hark! Indeed there is a sound!" whispered Philippa, with a shudder.

"What three cowardly women we are," exclaimed Gloria, with a forced laugh, "to be starting at every little sound, and even imagining noises where there are none."

"Oh, but just listen!" gasped Philippa.

All bent their ears in fixed attention.

Yes, there could be no mistake this time!

In the death-like stillness of the winter night, while the snow fell softly, and not a breath of air stirred, there came a sighing and a moaning from the front door, creeping around the walls and breathing coldly on the heads of those who sat with quivering blood and starting hair about the fire.

"Oh, it is the wind. It can be nothing else. It is the wind beginning to rise, and of course it gets in at every crevice of the old house," whispered Gloria, more to support her own sinking spirits than to convince her companions.

"It is not the wind. There is not a whiff of wind anywhere to-night, and even if there was it could not get in through the solid masonry of these stone walls or the iron-bound oaken doors or windows. Nor is it an earthly wind, young lady," muttered the housekeeper, in a hollow voice.

"What is it, then? Hush! Hear it again! That sound was like a sob! What can it be?" questioned Philippa, in a low and frightened tone.

"Oh, I know not—I dare not think!" shuddered the housekeeper.

At this moment the fire, that had been blazing high, sank down and went out in smoke and smouldering brands, leaving them almost in darkness.

"It is the wind, you see. The wind must be rising, since the chimney begins to smoke," said Gloria.

"No, it is not the wind, nor does this chimney ever smoke from that cause," whispered the housekeeper.

"Ah-h!" suddenly cried Philippa, springing forward and seizing hold of Gloria.

"What on earth is the matter now?" demanded the latter.

But Philippa was for a moment too much agitated to answer. When at last she could speak, it was in trembling tones she said:

"I felt it some one behind me! I felt a cold, quick air, as if some one out of breath was panting on my neck."

"Nonsense, that must have been the merest nervousness," said Gloria.

"Hark!" cried the housekeeper, starting and crouching nearer the fireplace.

"What?" demanded the two young ladies in one voice.

"Listen!"

The sighing and moaning through the remote, shadowy distances of the old hall now arose and swelled into a wild wail and cry.

"Oh, let us leave this terrible place. Let us fly!" exclaimed Gloria, starting to her feet.

"Yes, yes, let us go at once," gasped Philippa.

"To the back building, to the back building. Follow me!" panted Mrs. Brent, catching her breath in quick, short gasps.

Meanwhile, the weird voice continued to rise and swell in unearthly wails and cries around them.

They started towards the back premises, but before they had taken three hurried steps they were arrested by an event that petrified them with horror.

There came a great roar as of a mighty gale of wind; the hall-door was flung violently open, and the tall, black, shrouded figure of a man stalked into the hall and strode towards the stairs.

There he stopped for a moment and glared upon the three terror-stricken women, and, by some diabolical power, drawing their affrighted eyes to dwell upon his frightful form and take in every detail of his abhorrent presence—the gigantic, long-sliding black armor or cloak that, descending from head to foot, enveloped every part of his figure with the exception of the upper part of his dark face, with the swarthy forehead, the heavy, bushy, black eyebrows, the fiery black eyes, and the ridge of the large, hawk-like nose.

For a moment he remained looking at them with a fell and fiendish glare that almost caused their



["GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART."]

blood. Then he turned and slowly ascended the stairs, vanishing in the regions above.

For a moment the three women stood where he had left them, rooted to the floor, spell-bound, dumb-stricken, and then they sank at the foot of the stairs, cowering and clinging together, breathless, fainting, half dying with terror.

The wind that had rushed in with the fearful stranger seemed to have suddenly gone down again. Everything in the hall was now as still as the grave.

When, as Gloria, who was kneeling and supporting the shuddering form of Philippa on her bosom, turned her eyes towards the front of the hall, she observed that the door seemed fast shut, as it had been before the furious entrance of the frightful visitor.

She ventured to whisper now:

"I think the door is fast again. Everything is quiet here now. Oh, let us use the few moments we may have and try to reach the back buildings where the servants are, before that terrible form comes down again to blast our sight."

"It will not come down again," replied Mrs. Brent, in a fearful whisper.

Gloria helped her to rise.

Philippa struggled up to her feet.

Then Gloria took one of the candles from the mantelpiece and went towards the front of the hall.

"Where are you going? Oh, come back!" implored the old woman, in a faltering voice.

"I must see if this front door is shut—as it seems to be," replied the young lady, as she reached the spot, and stooped to examine the fastenings.

"Well?" breathed the old housekeeper.

"It is shut. Just as it was when that demon burst it open and rode in on a blast from Tartarus. Oh, could anyone have believed this, Mrs. Brent, who had not seen it?" she said, in a low and awestruck tone, as she joined the old woman.

"Oh, hush, honey, hush. Let us hurry away!" whispered the latter.

At that moment a tremendous crash and fall from above seemed to shake the very foundations of the house. The next moment everything was as still as death again.

The three women, who had been arrested in their flight, stood aghast for a moment, and then hurried tumultuously from the hall by the back door leading into a long and narrow passage that conducted them to the "cell" appropriated to the kitchen, store-rooms, and servants' sleeping apartments.

"Stay you two here; I will go and wake up Uncle Zed," said Mrs. Brent, leaving the two young women at the end of the passage and beginning to climb the narrow stairs that led to the little chamber above.

Philippa caught hold of Gloria and clung to her convulsively.

"We thought you were braver," whispered the little lady.

"Oh, Madame Gloria, how can I be brave after what I have twice seen in this house?" cried the girl, with a shudder.

"But you said you wished to see a ghost, even at midnight, alone, in your own chamber. Now you have, perhaps, seen a ghost in the great hall, and in our company. Why should you be such a coward now?"

"Ah, Madame Gloria, how can I be anything else when my blood has turned to water, and my marrow to snow? Ah, Madame Gloria, who was he?"

"Who was who?"

"Our terrible visitor."

"Indeed I know not. He may have been man, Satan or ghost, for aught I know."

"Oh, how could a man burst through a barred and bolted, iron-bound oaken door and ride into a house as it were on a blast of wind from the infernal regions?"

"I know not; but it is easy to believe in any other marvel rather than in ghosts."

"Seeing is believing, I should think."

"Certainly, and we believe we saw something, because we really did see something. Thus far seeing is believing; but my dear girl, we cannot say that what we saw was a supernatural being, and therefore we are not called upon to believe that we did."

"Well, then, what was it that we saw rising from the bank of that subterranean river in the cave under the foundations of the house? Say, Madame Gloria, what was that?"

The young lady had grown very pale at this allusion to the ghastly and abhorrent object that had confronted them on the banks of the black stream, and now with a start she cried out:

"Ah! do not speak of that! I cannot bear it indeed. Never speak of it to any human being, Philippa!"

"I have already promised to do so, and I have strictly kept my promise. I have never mentioned that thing to any one except yourself!"

"Oh, I beg that you will never speak of it to me again!" exclaimed Gloria, livid with emotion.

"I believe you must have seen more than I did," ventured Philippa.

"Perhaps so. Hush, oh, hush!" breathed Gloria.

"I will never open my lips on the subject again," answered Philippa.

At that moment a noise was heard in a distant part of the upper regions of the house, as of somebody being dragged heavily over the floor.

With a slight scream Philippa sprang upon Gloria, seized her and clung to her in terror.

"What an accursed house! David Lindsay was right! It is no dwelling-place for any human being! I will have it turned into a smelting furnace and iron-foundry, for the ore in the mountain mines," muttered Gloria to herself.

"Oh, why does not Mrs. Brent come down? It seems to me she takes a long time to wake up those servants."

"They sleep soundly, you must remember, and their doors are bolted on the inside most probably," Gloria suggested.

"Ah, here they all come at last," said Philippa, with a sigh of relief, as footstep and voices were heard coming along the narrow passage, and soon after down the steep stairs.

First came the old housekeeper, Mrs. Brent, with the end of a tallow candle in her hand, showing her face, still pale from the shock she had received.

Behind her crept and cowered the shrunk form of Zedekiah, also with a tallow candle in his hand, which shook more from fear than even from age.

Next came his daughter Judy and his granddaughter Martha Ann, each grey with terror, and each carrying a candle, as if light could be expected to banish spectres.

"Oh, what kept you, aunty? We have heard such horrid noises," exclaimed Philippa, reproachfully.

"No doubt you have. No doubt," sighed the old housekeeper.

"But what kept you, then?"

"They had all to get up and dress before one of them could be induced to come down. Each was afraid to come without all the others," Mrs. Brent explained, as she stepped down into the passage, followed by all the rest, whose teeth were chattering, whose eyes were starting, and whose hair was fairly bristling with superstitious terror.

(To be Continued.)



[BETTINA'S SECRET.]

A FATAL MISTAKE.

CHAPTER III.

WITH a gesture of scornful contempt, Bettina took the letter which Mrs. Ronald held out to her, and coldly said:

"I have recovered self-control now, Nanty, and I will read over the words, the sense of which I intuitively know. I have little to learn of the hard selfishness and cruel meanness of the man I once believed the noblest of his kind. He has done enough to disenchant me, Heaven knows, and I need not shrink from reading such excuse as he can give for violating the sacred pledges he made me in our last interview."

She tore open the letter impetuously, and read the following lines:

"MY DARLING WIFE,—I dare to hope that you will forgive me for violating our compact when I tell you that I find it impossible to live without you. I have deceived you, taunted you, alienated from myself the great love which enabled you to forgive my first great wrong against you, yet I dare appeal to you, for the sake of our child, to condone the past, and give me a chance to place myself before the world, and take the position belonging of right to the husband of Robert Carr's heiress.

"Your father does not like me, but when he hears that my cousin Walter is dead, and that there is now but one life, that of an old woman, between myself and the estate of Denholm, he will no longer regard me as an unsuitable match for his daughter.

"Since I heard this news I have reflected on our position toward each other, and the best course we can pursue, it seems to me, is to acknowledge our little escapade, appeal to the great love your father has for you, and win his forgiveness for the clandestine marriage which you have been frank enough to say you bitterly repent.

"It is the usual way, you know. 'Marry in haste, and repent at leisure,' says the proverb; but the majority of married people seem to get on comfortably enough after rueing their bargains, and then making

up their minds to make the best of it. Why shall we not do the same? It is more respectable than to part, and make a scandal, and a terrible one it would be in this case.

"You will curl your haughty lip, and accuse me of violating my promises—of having taken money from you under false pretences, but what else can I do when the circumstances of my case have changed so materially, afforded me advantages which I feel bound to make the most of?

"You will accuse me of selfishness—of lack of consideration for you. Well, I frankly confess to both sins, but I mean to amend them in the future. I will make a good husband to you and not exact too much from you. Let us only maintain appearances before the world, that we may place our daughter in her proper sphere, and I shall be content. For Stella's sake, more than for my own, I entreat you to reconsider your decision to give me up for ever. Only try me once again, my dear wife, and I will make every effort to win back the affection you once felt for me.

"I am the prospective heir to five thousand pounds a year, an income greater than that of your father in his most prosperous days, and I have no doubt that my aunt will give me as liberal an allowance as she bestowed on her chosen heir while he was living. She is a delicate woman, not likely to live many years, and the sudden death of Walter was a great blow to her." It cannot be many years before I am installed in my ancestral halls, and I ask you to take on yourself the state of its mistress, a position not unworthy of the daughter of Carr of Carmora.

"Hitherto I have been a selfish sybarite, but my good fortune has thrown me among noble and true men, and the ambition to take my place among such has been aroused. If you will consent to do a wife's duty, and use your sweet influence to foster the seeds of good that have been implanted within me almost at the eleventh hour, I may be a pattern man, after all the wild escapades of which I have been guilty.

"I have been fortunate enough to render some important services to General Washington, the nature of which I am not at liberty to reveal, and I think I have made so good an impression on him that he would not refuse to befriend me with your father, if the necessity for it arose. I have been attached to

his service during the siege of Yorktown, though not exactly on his staff, and he has sent me with the news of his triumph to Mount Vernon. I shall merely stop there to communicate the news from headquarters to its fair mistress, and then go on to Alexandria to set flags flying, drums beating, and cannon roaring in honour of what I hope will prove the closing victory of the long contest for self-government.

"I rejoice in it as much as any of the sons of the soil, for the cause was a noble one, and merited the success it has won. I seceded from my own countrymen because I would not fight against it.

"I shall wait in Alexandria till I hear from you, and the tenor of your reply must dictate my future course. I cannot tell you what that will be till I know what your decision is. I think I have said enough to show you which way your interest lies, even if no sense of duty keeps you true to the obligations you assumed when you become my wife. Your truest friend, or bitterest foe, as you may decide,

"GERALD DENHAM."

Bettina grew sick at heart as she read this characteristic epistle. She wondered how much of it was true, and how much false, especially of the portion which referred to his brilliant prospects. She knew that Denham would be quite capable of stating anything which could serve his own purpose, and that was now evidently to conciliate Mr. Carr, and lead to a recognition of the marriage, which neither of them had dared to avow. On reading over the last few lines she muttered:

"It is like him to refer to that—appealing to my sense of duty! Good Heavens! what a man he is to speak in such terms of what happened then!"

Mrs. Ronald had watched the variations of her face as she read, but she gathered from them little but disgust and impatience. She now put out her hand timidly, and asked:

"May I read what he says, Betty? or—or would you rather I should not?"

"You are welcome to read it, but you must first hear from me what I have hitherto shrunk from revealing even to you, my dear old Nanty," was the grave reply. "There are references in it you could not understand without an explanation of what he means by the first great wrong he did me."

"I understand that well enough, my dear. It was certainly a great wrong to so young a girl as you then were to persuade him into a clandestine marriage. But you should have thought of your father, and never have given your consent."

"I did not give my consent—I never would have wronged my father in so heartless a manner. I was victimised by the man who now asks me to go to him and trust him again, when he has shown me, in every way, that he is faithless and false to the core of his heart."

Mrs. Ronald's pale eyes dilated, and she faintly gasped:

"What can you mean by such words, Betty? How could Mr. Denham have married you, unless you were a willing party to the contract?"

"I was drugged; in an almost unconscious state I was taken before the altar of the little church in which we were married, and I had neither power nor will to resist the man who supported me there. I was made to bend my head when it became necessary to do so, and that is all I can remember about what took place that fatal evening."

Her voice and only failed her, and Mrs. Ronald repeated, in a dazed way:

"Drugged, drugged! But how could such a thing have been accomplished, and how could you ever forgive so great an outrage?"

"Ah! there is where my weakness came in," said Bettina, bitterly. "I loved the man who committed it—love him with that insane, foolish passion which so often rains the life of the young and romantic. I was kept in a sort of delicious, dreamy, fool's paradise for days afterwards, and when I was permitted to regain the perfect use of my faculties, I found myself in a sequestered cottage in the country, my only companion the man who seemed to adore me, and one single attendant—an old, deaf woman, who provided for all our wants. There was a dreadful scene between us, but he pleaded his cause so well that I forgave him, and loved him better even than before. Remember that, in my eyes, Gerald Denham was then almost a demi-god."

"But how could he accomplish all that without the knowledge of your friends?"

"Easily enough, it seemed. I was visiting Charlotte Manly, my old school-mate, at her father's country home in Pennsylvania, as you already know. Gerald followed me there, and made every effort to induce me to consent to a secret marriage. My father was opposed to his attentions to me, but when he found how infatuated I was with him, he consented to write to England to learn something of Gerald's antecedents, and he promised me, if all was right, he would no longer oppose a future marriage, but we must wait several years first."

"On this ground he urged his suit. What was the use of waiting, he argued, when papa's consent was virtually given, for all would be well when his friends wrote in reply to the letter sent to them. As for waiting for his bride an indefinite time, he could not consent to it. Let us marry at once, and my father would forgive us."

"Still I resisted; and then he took Charlotte into his confidence. She implicitly believed all that he told her, and between them the scheme was concocted which ended so disastrously for me."

"Mr. Manly was called away from home to be absent many weeks, and a few days after he left home a drive was proposed. Some sweet wine was given to me just before we started, and both Gerald and Charlotte drank from the same bottle. Mine, I learned afterward, had been mixed with a subtle South American herb which destroys the will and steepens the senses in partial oblivion, without injury to the health. I still have a dreamy memory of all that took place in the secluded little church in which the ceremony was performed, but I was passive in their hands, and too happy to resist the force which made me a wife without my own consent."

"Miss Manly played a base and shameful part," said the old lady, with unusual fire for her. "How could she look you in the face after helping a villain to ruin your life?"

"She did not believe he was a villain, remember, any more than I did. His baseness was a subsequent revelation," replied Bettina, with cynical calmness.

"I forgave him, then why should I not forgive Charlotte? We have met but once since, and I hope never to look on her face again. Gerald had prepared the nest in which we lived like two turtle doves for one little month of enchantment, and then he laid aside the mask he was tired of wearing."

"By some strange power within me I had been able to put aside all thought of my father's anger when he learned that I had defied his wishes and taken my fate into my own hands. Happy as I was, I had an intuitive perception of the storm which must be braved for the sake of the man I loved so dearly, for I would never betray to papa the ad-

vantage that had been taken of me; but I thrust thought from me, and revelled in the sunshine as long as it lasted. Yes, I was happy—supremely so for a few fleeting weeks, and then this illusion was suddenly dispelled which had led me to believe that I had been the first choice of my husband's heart."

"By a trusty messenger Charlotte forwarded two letters, which, in spite of the uncertainty of the times, had been sent safely to their destination. One was for me, and both came from papa. He recalled me home, expressing extreme displeasure at having learned that Gerald had followed me to Mr. Manly's. I read what followed with a heart that seemed turned to ice in my bosom."

Papa had received the replies to his inquiries concerning my husband, and the motive for our strange marriage was made clear for me. I was to be entangled irrevocably before the record of Gerald's baseness was laid before my father. He had led a most reckless and disgraceful life; had been convicted of cheating at cards when playing for a large stake; he had formed an alliance with a low but very beautiful woman, who eloped with him as her lawful husband, and to crown all, had forged the name of his cousin for five hundred pounds, and escaped the penalty of the law only by the refusal of Walter Denham to prosecute, and by being amalgamated out of the country."

Her voice suddenly failed her, and Mrs. Ronald cried out in some fearful surprise:

"Oh, my dear—my dear, was it as bad as that? You have never told me this before. That woman could never have been his lawful wife, or he would have no power over you—oh, yes, there is the child who would still be a link between you. Oh, my poor girl, how you must have suffered, and what a position you are placed in by that man's unheard-of villany."

A faint tinge of colour flitted over Bettina's pale cheeks, and she said with effort:

"The woman who had entangled him died before he left England, but he admitted to me that he had loved her far more than he ever loved me; and the excuse he gave me for the forgery was that she was suffering for what was necessary to her in her last great illness, and he held himself justified in obtaining the means of taking proper care of her at the expense of his wealthy cousin. Oh! I was his lawful wife safely enough. His purpose would not have been served had such not been the case."

"In the dreadful interview which followed the reading of our letters he utterly threw aside the mask which had been loosely worn for many days before the final rupture came. He had wearied of me in a few fleeting weeks, and he suffered me to see how coarse, how hard his real nature was. He was cruel enough to draw a comparison between myself and that wild, passionate woman, who had been willing to sacrifice everything for him and cling to him in the depths of his debasement, had not death removed her."

"No—I was not like her, for in that hour my love died a violent death, and I felt only the loathing horror of one chained to a leper. I shrink from him as from something to be dreaded and shunned, and he was my husband! Oh! the memory of those hours makes me sick and faint when I think of them."

"Young in years but old in suffering," murmured the sympathetic listener. "Dear child, how could you have withstood all this from me so long?"

"I could not bear to speak of it. I could not expose to you, without good cause, all the baseness of the father of my helpless little child. Thank Heaven that she is a girl; a boy might have grown up to be like his father. I tell you this now, that you may understand how impossible it is for me to accept the specious proposal Mr. Denham offers in that letter, even if what he says of his prospects is true."

"But being his wife, how did you induce him to give you up, and permit you to return to your father, Bettina?"

"That was easy enough," said Bettina, bitterly. "He had no means to enable him to support me, even if he had cared to keep me with him. Papa has briefly stated in his letter to him what he had learned of his past career, and he forbade him ever to appear at Carmora again, or to attempt to speak to him should chance throw them together. As to his daughter, he said he would sooner destroy me with his own hand than see me degrade myself to the level of such a man as Gerald Denham."

"Oh, my dear, my darling, what a position for you to be placed in between those two men!"

"Don't pity me, Nanty, or I shall break down. The force with which my father denounced him served me in one way—it gave me courage for the course I had resolved on from the first moment I began to comprehend the enormity of the wrong perpetrated against me. At first, Gerald wished me

to defy papa, and force him into terms, for he was finally persuaded that he could not live without me; but I soon showed him that it would be quite as difficult to conciliate me and induce me to aid his plans as to gain the forgiveness of the owner of Carmora. I speak thus, because it was only as the owner of a large estate that my father had any importance in Gerald's eyes, and he cared for me only as I was heiress."

"Convinced of this, shrinking from him as from something entirely alien to myself, I soon made Gerald understand that I would endure any extremity of suffering sooner than continue to live with him after what had become known to me; and by the promise of money I induced him to waive his claims on me, and conceal from my dear old father this disgraceful episode in my life."

"I need not tell you how he has abused his power over me. I have kept him supplied with money mainly through the savings you were willing to advance to me on the security of the small property coming to me from my mother when I am twenty-one. When we paid him so large a sum as the last time we thought we were finally quit of him, but here he is again, and with more formidable pretensions than ever. I shall no longer be allowed to keep my painful history from papa, and that is the most bitter pang, even sadder so much that is hard and terrible to endure."

"Yes—yes I comprehend that; but how did you get back to your father and keep him as free from suspicion of the truth as he is? You have kept back as much from me that I wish to hear all the facts now."

"When Gerald fully understood that I would not give up my father for him, he took me back to Mr. Manly's, and Charlotte was made to comprehend the irreparable injury her treachery had wrought me. To her it was a romantic folly; to me, it had proved the blight of my whole life. I think she was sorry, but I could not forgive her, although she made the only statement that was possible by pledging herself to keep my secret. Her father came home the day after my return, and by that time Gerald was far enough away. He left in the night, without wishing me good-bye, and it was a relief to me to know that he was gone."

"Mr. Manly found means to send me safely home, and papa received me so kindly that I vowed to atone to him in every possible way for my involuntary disregard of his wishes. I have been forced to deceive him, but it was for his sake as much as for my own."

"You have done the best you could, under such painful and exceptional circumstances," said Mrs. Ronald, with a sigh, "and I have done my best to help you. I may read the letter now, I suppose. I believe that I understand the whole story."

"Yes, read it, and judge how much of it is worthy of belief. He makes no attempt to veil his selfishness, for it is evident his own aggrandisement is all he is thinking of. If he had ever loved me, Nanty, he could not have addressed such a letter as that to me."

Mrs. Ronald put on her spectacles and read over Denham's letter twice, dwelling on portions of it, and trying to see her way to the solution of the great difficulties which lay in the way of even a tacit reconciliation between the severed husband and wife.

She was a kind-hearted and helpful woman in the best sense of the word, for she was always ready to aid with both hands and purse; but she was extremely practical in her views, and believed that we must make the best of what is given us in this life and throw no opportunities away.

To her straightforward way of looking at things it seemed as if Denham's offer opened a way to Bettina to extricate herself from a most equivocal position, and enable her to claim openly the child, which was now only a source of dread and of remorseful feeling, when she realised how helpless and deserted the poor infant was, in spite of the tender care of the warm-hearted woman to whom she had been confided.

If Denham was on the high road to fortune, Mr. Carr, when as last made aware of the actual relation of his daughter towards him, might condone his former indiscretions and consent to the nominal tie Gerald only sought to establish between himself and Bettina.

And he, above all things, was bound to consider the welfare of her unborn child before every other consideration.

Exposure must soon come through Denham if his offer was refused, for there was little money left with which to bribe him to continued silence, and she knew his vindictive nature too well to believe that he would spare his victim, even if his relations resulted in her expulsion from her father's roof.

Mrs. Ronald sat so long absorbed in thought that at last Bettina awoke, almost sharply:

"Why are you so long in making up your mind as to the worth of Gerald's statements, Mrs. Ronald? I hope you are not thinking of joining his side."

"Well—something like it, my dear, was the reluctant reply. "You see, in an affair like this, a great many things can be said on both sides that will have some force in them. If ever a woman could be excused for making the best of a bad bargain you are that one, and I don't know but that it is your duty to submit so far to your husband as, at least, to consent to live under the same roof with him; especially as you will then have a home to which you can bring your daughter, and acknowledge her before the world."

"This is just what I expected from you, Natty, and I told you all the details of that miserable story to make you feel how impossible it is, even for Stella's sake, that I shall forgive the wrong which has so thoroughly wrecked my life," said Bettina, with angry scorn. "After suffering so much to save papa from all knowledge of my weakness, it would be great to die in me to give in as soon as Gerald throws the handkerchief, and break my old father's heart by deserting him for a man he utterly despises and condemns. Your wits must have gone visiting, Mrs. Ronald, when you advise such a course as that."

The old lady winced a little, but she quietly said: "If my only child had lived, I would have sacrificed myself again and again for her sake, if it had been necessary to do so. I am thinking now only of Stella, who is helpless, and not of two men who can take care of themselves and fight out their own battle. Your father will suffer, and your husband will exult if he wins the game; but you are bound to consider first what the consequences to your daughter will be if you refuse his offer. He evidently intends to make the whole story known, and if your father forgives you so far as to keep you at home, he will never consent to have the child of a man he hates kept constantly near him."

"He would tolerate her for my sake until she won her way to his heart, as she would be sure to do."

"Admitting that it might turn out so, do you believe that Mr. Denham would permit his heiress to be only tolerated in her grandfather's house? He has the power, and he will have the will, to tear her from you if you refuse the position he offers you as mistress of his future home. Stella will not even be allowed to live in the same land with you. He will take her to England, and your existence will become a blank to her. You must think of all these things, my dear, before you make up your mind to refuse the chance afforded you to set yourself right with the world and to do justice to your child."

"You distract me!" cried Bettina. "You make me more miserable than I was before, by such cruel arguments. How can I ever go back to that man? How can I? How can I? I tell you that every feeling of my nature recoils from the bare thought of tolerating his presence near me."

With a deep sigh Mrs. Ronald said: "I have told you what I think, Bettina, and you must be guided by your own sense of right. If you find it impossible to put self aside, and think only of what is due to the unfortunate infant who claims you for her mother, I have no more to say."

"Oh, you are pitiless! pitiless!" moaned the unhappy girl. "I wish there was no such thing as duty. Duty—doesn't it often mean that a helpless woman is to cast herself beneath the Juggernaut that is ready to crush her? It would be so in my case, if I could be persuaded to follow the course you evidently wish me to take. There, don't say any more. I hoped you would comfort me, and show me a way out of the dreadful maze I have lost myself in, but you only make me more wretched than I was before."

Mrs. Ronald arose and moved restlessly about the room. She was hurt, and a little vexed; but she forgave the helpless creature, who, she knew, was suffering such torture of mind as seldom falls to the lot of one so young.

She paused at last beside the weeping girl, and softly said:

"I had better leave you now, my dear, to take counsel with yourself, and, if you can, find wisdom in my advice."

Bettina sprang up, and throwing her arms around her, murmured:

"Oh, forgive me—pity me—for I am very miserable."

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. RONALD occupied the room next to Bettina's

and she found that Melissa, who waited on both of them, had attended to her duties there before going out to join the noisy crew on the Point.

She sat down in front of the wood fire and tried to think over the painful events of the last two years, and find some plausible means of extricating the darling of her heart from the difficult and dangerous position in which she was placed.

On one side an angry father, on the other an unprincipled husband; the poor lady, think as she might, could find no better solution to the difficulty than the one she had suggested, and to that she believed Bettina would never bring herself to consent.

That an explosion must soon come which might involve her own dismissal from the house to which she had become so much attached, was also a dreary thought to her, for she possessed the cut-like instinct which led her to attach herself to localities, and her comfortable room seemed to her on this night more desirable than ever, now that she foresaw a possibility of banishment from it for all time to come.

She glanced around with regretful eyes at the walnut furniture inlaid with lighter wood, on the spindle posts of the narrow bedstead, and around the brass rings which adorned the front of the bureau drawers in the place of knobs.

The floor was waxed to the point of slipperiness, and rugs knit by the old lady herself from the wool grown, spun, and dyed on the place, were laid wherever they were needed most. The small windows were draped with dimly curtains trimmed with what is known as ball fringe, which had also been manufactured by Mrs. Ronald; and the high bedstead had a valance and a canopy of the same material, finished in a similar manner.

A wash-stand in one corner matched the rest of the furniture; on this was a set of blue-stone china on which summer-houses, lawns, and people were curiously represented. A large stuffed chair known to our grandmothers as an easy-chair, was strongly in contrast with two small wooden ones with crooked spindle legs, which looked as if they might break down at the first attempt to sit upon them.

There were no pictures on the wall, but bouquets of autumn leaves, artistically arranged by Bettina herself, supplied their absence.

The corner fire-place, with its mantel of carved wood and row of tiles below it, ornamented with the heads of the apostles indifferently executed, was at that day considered quite a marvel of artistic skill, and had been imported from the mother country at considerable cost.

In Bettina's room the history of Bath was illustrated on the tiles, and the furniture was a duplicate of this, except that the draperies were of gray calico, and over the fire-place hung a fine engraving of the Master Doloroso, in place of ferns and autumn leaves.

The picture had once ornamented the reception-room below stairs; but within the past year Bettina had transferred it to her own apartment—why, can easily be understood, after the history which has been told.

Within a few miles of Carmora, on a small farm belonging to herself, lived the niece to whom Mrs. Ronald had referred as the protectress of Stella Denham.

Mrs. Withers had been widowed by the cruel chances of war; she had a son four years of age, and a second child, a girl, had been born after the death of her husband.

That infant lived but a week, and means had been found to substitute for the dead child the living one of Bettina, which came into existence a few hours before the decease of the other.

The whole affair had been managed by Mrs. Ronald, with the assistance of an old negro woman who had nursed Mrs. Carr in her infancy, and had provided over her nursery, when she grew to womanhood, and had children of her own to take care of. All of them died save Bettina, and to her, Mammy Judy, as she was called, was devoted with such fanatical attachment as was once common among negro nurses for the young aristocrats they had the right to rule for the few years of their infancy.

Mammy Judy would have been torn with wild horses before she would have betrayed the confidence reposed in her, though she did think it "mighty foolish" in Miss Betty not to acknowledge her secret marriage, leave her father's anger, which would be hot enough, but as brief as not for he could never live without his daughter, and let things be made straight for her once more, even if that involved a reconciliation with the hated son-in-law.

On this night Mrs. Ronald was much inclined to take the same view of Bettina's position, and more than once she was tempted to go down to the library and tell the whole story to the tranquil smoker there,

who was planning and dreaming happy dreams now that the war was ended, and individual hopes and fears could be permitted to take precedence of public affairs.

That all these centred in his daughter was to be expected, and Mr. Carr resumed an old fancy of his to bring about a union between Bettina and the son of an old friend, who had won distinction in the service of his country.

Colonel Randolph Clayton was descended from one of the old families of Maryland, and his record was that of a true man and noble patriot.

He was also handsome, cultivated and chivalrous towards women. What more than this could any daughter of Eve ask as the realisation of her ideal?

But when he had gone thus far he remembered suddenly that his daughter fancied once that she had found her ideal in a plausible villain, who, he feared, still held some power over her heart; for she had never been the same blithe, happy creature as before she knew and loved Gerald Denham.

How bitterly he anathematized him in his heart cannot be told in words, and he deeply blamed himself for receiving him into his house without some knowledge of his antecedents, even if Denham had claimed the tie of blood as an excuse for accepting his hospitality.

Ah, well! that phase of Bettina's life had passed away; she must be disenchanted by this time and with new associations she would recover her spirits, and become once more the incarnat on of health and joy, the bright spirit of his life, as she was the pride and darling of his heart.

Poor father! how little he dreamed of the blow almost ready to fall, which would shatter all his air castles, and reveal to him the broken hopes and weary suffering against which that feeble girl had borne up, more for his sake than for her own; for in all she had done Bettina had thought more of sparing her father's pride than of her own individual suffering, deep as that had been.

Mrs. Ronald did not interrupt his reveries, for her courage failed her when she attempted to move, and she sunk back on her seat, fearing that she might only make things worse by premature action. It was Bettina's secret, and she had no right to betray it without her consent.

That poor girl, left to herself, knelt before the pictured face which had become a sort of shrine to her, and prayed as she had often prayed before, to be shown the way in which she should walk, that others might be spared suffering on her account.

She arose and paced the floor with restless and uneven steps, silently imploring help to decide aright in this cruel crisis of her destiny; for above all things she wished to save suffering to others, however heavy the burden imposed upon herself might prove.

She had sinned deeply against her fond and indulgent father, and the penalty exacted of her might be the death in life proposed to her by her husband, typified by the mere toleration of each other beneath the same roof.

Above all things Bettina hated shame, and the life proposed to her would be the most fearful of shames. No mutual sympathies—no common domestic altar before which they could bow in unity of spirit—on her side, neither love nor respect for the man whose only claim upon her was that he was the father of her child; but to that child she owed a solemn duty which had been clearly pointed out to her that night by the maternal friend who she knew loved her as a mother.

Could she bear such a life, even for the sake of the child that was so dear to her? Oh, if her father would only forgive her when he learned the truth! If he would keep her near him, and find means to enable her to retain her child, accepting Stella as his future heiress, nothing could induce her to make terms with so unprincipled a man as she knew her husband to be.

The wild love for him which had once filled her heart was turned to loathing, and the thought even of seeing him, of hearing the sound of his smooth, deceitful voice, was odious to her.

How, then, could she agree to dwell in the same house with him, and be subjected to the necessity of receiving him whenever he chose to inflict his presence upon her in the home of which he would be the master?

She had no faith in any pledge he might give, for had he not proved himself utterly without conscience or self-respect?

It would not be safe to place herself in the power of such a man, or to permit him to control the fate of her child.

Surely her father must take this view of her hapless position, and interpose to save them both from

the cruel fate that menaced them when once thrown completely under Denham's protection.

Trying to comfort herself with this hope Bettina finally grew more composed, and sitting down before an open writing-desk, which was on the table, dashed off the following lines to her husband:

"You must grant me time to consider your proposal maturely; it is a matter of life or death to me, and I cannot act precipitately. Knowing what I do of you, you cannot blame me if I require proof of all your assertions before I consent to trust you in the smallest matter."

"I no longer regard you through the slightest haze of illusion—you stand before me just as nature made you—a handsome, vain deceiver, with nothing real or true in your nature. Why you should wish or care to claim me on the terms you propose is inexplicable to me, for I feel quite certain that you wished to secure the heiress of Carmora, and not the one choice of your heart, when you victimised me in that shameless manner. Men like you are not apt to cherish much affection for their children, and until now I never have known you to express the slightest interest in Stella's fate."

"What object have you to gain in thrusting her forward in such a manner now? Is it to shew me, through her, what power you possess over me, and force from me a compliance with your will, however repugnant to myself is the offer you make me? I frankly tell you that if I alone were concerned, I had rather die than consent to the sacrifice you ask; if I were certain that after he knows all, papa would forgive me and take me back to his heart, I would never for a moment have taken into consideration the proposal to give up my native land, and trust myself and my child to your tender mercies. I have already had some experience of them, and you cannot blame me if I think toleration under my father's roof will be far preferable to the alternative you offer me."

"If the death of your cousin really opens to you a fair and honourable future in your own country, why not accept it without the encumbrance of a wife and child, neither of whom is of the least importance to your happiness? I have sounded the depths of your shallow nature, Gerald Denham, and I believe you to be incapable of any warm or genuine attachment. You think of yourself and your own interest, first, last, and always."

"Knowing this to be true, why do you seek to burden yourself with two beings who will only be a trouble and expense to you? Comply with the last pledge you gave me, to go away for ever and leave me and my misery alone, and I give you leave to get a divorce in your native land, and seek some other woman as your wife who has not learned to mistrust and condemn you as I do. There could be nothing but discord in the home we should occupy in common, for there is no longer one point of sympathy between us."

"If I am left to manage my affairs myself I can keep for ever from my father all knowledge of the infamous means used to entrap me into a marriage with you. I shall never marry again, and when papa is convinced that such is my determination he will not refuse to allow me to adopt a child as my own. I could thus bring Stella to Carmora, and lead the way to her acceptance as the future heiress of the estate. I do not shrink from securing to her her just rights in this way. If I deceive it is with the best object, that of sparing my dear father the pain of knowing that I have been the wife of the one man in the world he most dislikes."

"For myself, I can bear my lot, and learn to derive contentment from it, if I am released from all fear on your account. I loved you once, how stupidly, how adoringly, I am ashamed to remember now; or rather, I adored the creature of my own childish fantasy; and when you stood before me in all the deformity of your true nature the glamour died, and my heart recoiled from you with such utter repulsion that I was constrained to believe that I was only a romantic simpleton, enamoured of the ideal demi god your beauty of person led me to believe I had found."

"That passion, such as it was, has burned to dead ashes, and in seeking to resume it you might as well hope to raise a flame from ice or marble."

"I express myself strongly because I wish you to understand how impossible is a reunion between you and myself, if such a hope has dawned on your mind. If compelled to do so, I might consent to keep up appearances by occupying the position of mistress of your house, but you could never approach me except as a stranger, from whom the most distant courtesy would be exacted. Your vanity, if not your affections, would suffer by such a state of things, and I entreat you not to make the trial. It will be best for both of us to make the separation

complete, and to cease, as far as may be, to remember the fatal tie that once united us."

"If you reface my prayer you must at least give me ten days in which to decide as to my final course of action. Do not seek to see me before that time elapses, and do not write to me unless you elect to leave me to such peace as I can now find. Pompey can always be trusted to deliver your letters safely, as you already know; and if you give me a blessed assurance of release you can send it through him. Mrs. Ronald will mail this under cover to a friend of hers in Alexandria, who will have it sent to the tavern where you usually stop."

Bettina appended no signature to this long letter, and after it was finished she sat staring at it blankly, wondering what effect it would have on the person to whom it was addressed, and despairingly recalling to memory the light and frivolous nature of the man to whom the appeal was made—"unsable as water," yet cold and callous as stone itself, she had found him where his own will was concerned. She could only hope and wait, praying every hour of her hapless life that he might see the justice of her appeal, and be wrought on to grant it.

(To be Continued.)

BRAIN AND SEX.

Few anthropologists have studied the weight of brain in relation with sex, and still less is known about the lower jawbone in the same relation. M. Bertillon lately called attention to the latter point, and said he had distinguished the jaws of New Caledonian females from those of males by the weight. M. Morselli has been giving attention to the subject, and has made exact measurements on 172 crania of known sex. His principal conclusions are these:—1. The cranium of man always weighs more than that of woman, the relation being about 100:85.7. This sexual character acquires high importance when connected with cerebral capacity and the cerebro-spinal index. 2. The lower jaw also weighs more in man than in woman, and in greater proportion than the cranium (100:78.5). This sexual divergence is the greatest and most constant of those now known to anthropologists. 3. The same difference exists between the two sexes of anthropomorphic apes. 4. The individual variations are more extensive in women than in men. 5. Taking into consideration the relation between the weight and the capacity of the cranium, it may be inferred that woman has a less development of osseous tissue. 6. In the ratio of the weights of the cranium and the lower maxillary, we have a new zoological difference between man and the apes, the latter always presenting a greater jaw relatively to the cranium than man.

COUSIN BILLY.

WHEN I was a young fellow I fell in love with Sally Cartwright. She was the prettiest little thing I ever saw then, and she seemed to like me very much; but I was afraid it was only seeming, after all, and I was afraid to propose for fear she'd say "no." So I hung about her as a moth hangs about a candle; not quite singeing my wings, but always just ready to do it, until people began to talk; and I heard—no matter how—that Sally Cartwright's Aunt Melissa, of whom I was dreadfully afraid, had said that if I didn't mean anything she wished I wouldn't come there scaring away those that had intentions. Then I saw I must risk all on one throw; and on Sunday evening I went over to Sally's, dressed in my best, meaning to propose that very night.

But the fates opposed my proposal. There on the sofa beside Sally sat a young man; the silliest, foolish-looking creature, with a long neck, and little hands, and big, fat cheeks; and Sally introduced him as Cousin Billy Peters.

She seemed to think a great deal of him too—why I could not understand; and they sat and giggled together most of the evening. I felt quite slighted; but, after all, perhaps I deserved it; and I resolved that he should not sit me out. I'd have my talk to Sally before I left. There I sat, then, not saying much, but staring at Sally, and thinking she never looked so pretty; and there he sat.

He was visiting in the house, I knew; but couldn't he see how matters stood, and go off to bed? Not he, it seemed. The clock struck nine, ten, and eleven; there he was. It struck twelve; he only crossed his legs and got nearer to Sally. As the hand crept over the clock face toward one he looked at me and said:

"Mr. Tompson, ain't it pretty lonesome going your way so late?"

"Yes," said I. "I mean to stay until it is earlier." He did not take the hint. Sally was growing so sleepy she could just hold her eyes open, and when the clock really struck one I felt that I could not carry the game on any longer.

"I'll say good-night," I said. "Perhaps you'll see me to the door, Miss Sally?"

Then up jumped Cousin Billy Peters.

"Oh, yes," said he, "we both will." They both did. I went home in a terrible rage; but determined to say my say yet.

I went down there again next evening. Sally was not in the parlour when I got there, but pretty soon she came in, and Cousin Billy with her. He was just the meanest looking little creature I ever saw; and he behaved as badly as he did the night before.

Again the clock struck one before I went; again he went to the door with me. Sally must have known what I wanted to say, but she gave me no chance. I began to think that after all she really liked Cousin Billy. I must know, whatever happened; and though I'd had plenty of chances to know long before, I felt myself dreadfully ill used.

I tried it the third time. There was Billy again. It was a bright, moonlight night, and the shade was not down, and we could catch a glimpse of the garden through the window.

As I sat looking at it, and listening to the whispers of the other two, a thought came to me. I couldn't make an idiot of myself any longer. I would find out the truth. So I turned in my chair and looked straight into Cousin Billy's face, and I said:

"Mr. Peters, if Miss Sally will excuse us, I'd like you to take a little walk with me. I've something to say to you."

"Shall I go, Sally?" said Billy, in a sort of whisper—oh, he was such a little idiot!

"Yes," said Sally. "Put on pa's travelling-shawl—it's on the rack there. I wouldn't have you catch cold for a great deal, Billy."

"And if I take cold, Miss Sally?" said I, with a sneer.

"Oh, you," she began, but did not explain herself. She sat down at the piano and began to run her fingers over the keys, and Billy and I went out into the hall.

He wrapped himself in the shawl; I took my hat, he his, and out we went. The moon, as I have said, was very bright. I could see that he was on the broad grin.

"You are mightily amused, Mr. Peters," said I. "Perhaps it is me that you are laughing at?"

"Suppose it was?" said he.

"Well, I shouldn't stand it long," said I. However, I brought you out, not to quarrel, but to ask you a simple question. I see I'm in the way at the house yonder, but have you a right to make me feel so? Are you engaged to Miss Sally?"

"Plain questions, indeed," said he; perhaps I'm just shilly-shallying, like some other folks I know of."

"What do you mean by that?" said I. But just there I stopped. I looked Cousin Billy straight in the face, and caught the queerest look. I'd been blind as a bat. No man ever gave a glance like that—half shy, half pert.

"Pshaw!" said I. "What shallow trick is this? You're a woman."

At that the queer little figure at my side started to run, but I caught it by the arm.

"Tell me what it all means," I said.

"Oh! dear, dear," the little creature sobbed. "what shall I do? Sally said no one could ever guess. I did it for Sally's sake. You did shilly-shally so, she could not make out whether you ever meant to propose or not. I am her cousin Belinda, and I always could deceive people in men's clothes, and so—"

"And so I was to be led on," I said.

"Oh! no," said she, "but men are so queer. A girl don't want to be courted for ever. And now you'll tell every one."

"No, I shall tell no one," I said. "Now I'll take you home. I shall call next Sunday, and I hope you'll let me see Cousin Belinda. I shall like her better than Cousin Billy, I know." So I walked to the house, and left her at the door.

And now the coast was clear. Sally wanted me to propose—that was plain—and she would accept me if I did. And, with the usual perversity of man I was not so anxious to do it now that the coast was clear. But I would go to see her on Sunday. I would take my time now, and I would see what Belinda looked like in her proper costume, and tease both girls a little.

On Sunday I called. Sally scarcely lifted her eyes to my face as she introduced Cousin Belinda. She was a pretty girl, with red cheeks and a merry smile,

and we had a pleasant evening together. She would have left me alone with Sally at nine, but I would not let her go. I was master of the situation now, and held my own well.

I heard several times that summer that Aunt Melissa wondered what I meant by it; but I had begun to wonder myself, and did not care much.

It was harvest-time when I went over to the Cartwrights one Sunday evening, and saw Belinda standing by the garden railings with a pensive face. I went up to her and held out my hand.

"Will you come and take a walk with me?" I said.

"Our other walk was very short, you know," she looked up at me with her bright, shy smile, and turned her steps as I turned mine.

"I'm not shilly-shallying like some folks, Belinda," said I.

As in the old time when she said those words to me, she blushed scarlet.

"Why don't you propose, then?" she said.

"Well, will you have me?" I said.

"That's not a pretty joke," she answered. "I mean, of course, to Cousin Sally."

"And I mean—to Cousin Belinda," I said.

"Meeting you has changed all my life, I think. I love you. Will you be my wife?"

"But Cousin Sally, I thought you loved her."

"I thought I did," said I. "I've known better a long while. Don't you care a little for me?"

"I—I'm afraid I do," she whispered; "but it would be so treacherous to Cousin Sally. Oh, no, no, we must never be so wicked. You must go away, and I will never see you again."

But just then a voice said softly:

"No—no, he must stay."

And from behind the great tree, under which we had passed, came Sally.

"I've followed you and listened to you," she said. "I knew all about it before—and I am glad. I think I thought I liked you once, Seth Burton; and I did want to know if you liked me. But I care a great deal for some one else now—some one who likes me—and I am so glad I shall not hurt you by telling you so. He can stay, Belinda, and I wish you joy."

Then she went away.

Belinda and I were married about Christmas time, and on the same evening Sally married Eben Williams. And all is well that ends well.

M. K. D.

THE REASON WHY.

Why does perspiration sometimes become visible in drops on the skin?

Because in such cases it generally arises from some violent exercise, or excessive heat, and is produced too copiously and freely to be immediately absorbed by the atmosphere.

Why is a person less apt to catch cold from being wetted by salt water than by fresh?

Because water impregnated with salt evaporates more slowly than fresh water, in consequence of which the heat of the body is more gradually absorbed; and also because the saline particles have a stimulating effect on the skin.

Why is the hand better adapted for applying soap to the face than a towel or a sponge?

Because the hand is not only soft and smooth, but is also endowed with properties which render it capable of imparting a gentle friction to the skin, more effectually than any other agent.

Why should a moderately rough towel be used for drying purposes?

Because the skin requires a moderate amount of friction, which too rough a towel would exceed, and too soft a one be inadequate to produce.

Why should persons not suffer their bodies to cool previously to going into a cold bath?

Because, the temperature of the body being lowered, it possesses less nervous energy to resist the depressing influences of cold.

Why should sea-bathing not be had recourse to when the frame is greatly debilitated?

Because the organs have become too feeble to produce that reaction which gives rise to the glowing warmth on the surface of the body after immersing. And hence the shivering and sense of chilliness which persons under such circumstances commonly experience.

Why is the appetite keener by the seaside than under ordinary circumstances?

Because the unusual degree of exercise in the open air, together with the bathing, augments the amount of insensible perspiration, and occasions a greater waste of the body, which must be proportionately supplied.

Why is a sensation of thirst, especially for the first few days, generally felt at the seaside?

Because the sea spray impregnates the atmosphere with saline particles, which are inhaled and communicated to the blood.

Why is bathing injurious after a full meal?

Because the process of digestion requires a uniform degree of heat, which is rendered irregular by the alternate chill and glow which bathing produces.

Why, when high water occurs in the afternoon, is the temperature of the sea much higher than it was at low water in the morning?

Because the early retiring tide leaves the sand uncovered, which continues for many hours to be exposed to the rays of the sun. During this period it acquires a considerable degree of heat. As the tide rises the particles constituting the lower stratum of the advancing thin sheet of water, as they successively come into contact with this heated sand, are warmed, expanded and rise to the surface.

Why, on a second immersion in the water, does the body feel colder than it did on the first?

Because, on leaving the bath, the sudden transition to a cold and dense medium creates an effort in the body to produce heat or resist cold, and the continuance of this action, for some time after leaving the bath, occasions a second immersion to feel colder than the first.

Why after cold bathing should the clothes be removed as speedily as possible?

Because the body is not restored to its accustomed temperature until it is clothed, and by exposure to the air is liable to become chilled.

Why is violent exercise after bathing injurious?

Because, the pores of the skin having been recently cleared, their functions are thereby stimulated and calculated to throw off perspiration more copiously than ordinarily.

Why is bathing sometimes succeeded by headache?

Because the blood-vessels on the surface of the body become contracted by the diminished temperature of the bath and impel an unusually large portion of the vital fluid towards the head; but the thick substance of the brain prevents its interior vessels from being influenced by the variations of the external temperature, and hence a fullness, or congestion, is caused.

Why, during a course of sea-bathing, do the ankles sometimes swell and retain the mark of the impressed finger?

Because the coldness of the bath occasions a temporary torpor of the absorbent vessels of the extremities.

THE FORREST HOUSE; OR, EVERARD'S REPENTANCE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

EVERARD mentally hoped that he might be of future service to Agnes, whom he had always liked, and he made a memorandum of his intention, and then took up the other letter, which bore a foreign mark, and proved to be from an acquaintance, with whom he had once been in school and who had recently married and gone abroad, and was in America, at the Victoria Hotel, where he said there were so many English, and Everard felt morally sure that the pleasant people meant Mrs. Arnold and Josephine.

And his friend, Phil Everts, was just the man to be attracted by Josey, even if he had a hundred wives, and Josephine was sure to meet him more than half-way and find out first that he was from England, and then that he had been in Rothsay, and knew Judge Forrest's family, and then—a cold sweat broke out all over Everard's face as he thought what then? while something whispered to him, "Then you will reap the fruit of the deception practiced so long, and you deserve it, too."

Everard knew he deserved it, but when one is reaping the whirlwind I do not think it is any comfort to know that he sowed the wind, or this harvest would never have been. It certainly did not help Everard, but rather added to the torments he endured as he thought of Josephine, enraged and infuriated as she would be, swooping down upon him, bristling all over with injured innocence, and making for herself a strong party, as she was sure to do.

But worse than anything else would be the utter loss of Rossie, for she would be lost to him then for ever, and possibly turn against him for his duplicity, and that he could not bear.

"I'll tell her everything to-morrow, so help me Heaven!" he said, as he laid his throbbing head upon his writing-table and tried to think how he should commence and what she would say.

He knew how she would look—not scornfully and angrily upon him—but so sorry, so disappointed in him, and that would hurt him worse than her contempt.

How fair, and sweet, and greatly to be desired she seemed to him, as he went all over the past as connected with her, remembering, first, the shy little thing who had to be coaxed with candy before she would go to him whom she called "the bid boy;" then the quaint, old-fashioned child he had teased so unmercifully, and of whom he had made a very slave; then the girl of fifteen, whose honest eyes had looked straight into his without a shadow of shyness or consciousness, as she asked to be his wife, and, lastly, the Rossie he knew now, the Rossie of long dresses and pure womanhood, who was so dear to him that to have had her for his own for one short, blessed year, he felt that he would give the rest of his life.

But that could not be. She could never be his now, even were he free from the hated tie as he could be so easily. In her single-heartedness and truth she would never recognise as valid any separation save that which death might make, and this he dared not wish for, lest to his other sins that of murder should be added.

He must tell her, and she would forgive him, even while she banished him from her presence, but after she knew it, whose opinion was worth more to him than that of the whole world, he could bear whatever else might come.

But how could he tell her? Verily? and so see the surprise, and disappointment, and pain, which would succeed each other so rapidly in those clear, innocent eyes which faithfully mirrored what she felt.

He knew there would be pain, for as he loved her so he felt that she cared or could care for him, if only it were right for her to do so, and selfish as he was it hurt him cruelly that she must suffer through his fault.

But it must be, and at last, concluding that he never could sit face to face with her, while he confessed his secret, he decided to write it out and send it to her, and then wait a few days before going to see the effect.

He made this resolve just as the autumnal morning shone full into his room, and he heard across the common the bell from his lodging-house summoning him to breakfast.

But he could not eat, and after a vain effort at swallowing a little coffee he went back to his office, where, to his utter amazement and discomfiture, he found Rosamond herself seated in his chair and smiling brightly upon him as he came in.

When he was with her the night before she had forgotten to speak to him of a certain matter of business which must be attended to that day, and so, immediately after breakfast, which was always early at the Forrest House, she had walked down to the office, and telling the boy in attendance that he need not wait until Mr. Forrest's return, as she was going to stay, she sent him to his breakfast, and was then alone when Everard came in.

"Oh, Rosie, Rosie," he gasped, as if the sight of her unnerved him entirely, "why did you come here this morning?"

She did not tell him why she came, for she forgot her errand entirely in her alarm at his white, haggard face, and at the strangeness of his manner.

"Oh, Mr. Everard!" she cried, for she called him "Mr. Everard" still, as she had done when a child. "You are sick, very sick. What is the matter? Sit down and let me do something for you. Are you faint, or what is it?" and, talking to him all the time, she made him sit down in the chair she vacated, and brought him some water, which he refused, and then, standing beside him, laid her soft, cool hand upon his forehead, and asked if the pain was there.

At the touch of those hands Everard felt that he was losing all his self-command.

"Don't Rossie, don't! I can't bear that you should touch me, and you wouldn't if you knew everything," he exclaimed.

There were tears in Rossie's eyes at being so repulsed, and for an instant her cheeks grew scarlet with resentment, but before she could speak, overcome by an impulse he could not resist, Everard gathered her swiftly in his arms, and kissing her passionately, said:

"Forgive me, Rossie. I did not mean to be rude, but why did you come here this morning to tempt me. I was going to write and tell you what I ought to have told you long ago, and the sight of you makes me such a coward. Rossie, my darling! I will call you so once, though it's wrong, it's wicked—remember that. I am not what I seem. I have deceived you

all these years since father died, and before, too—long before. You cannot guess what a wretch I am."

It was a long time since Rosalie had thought of Joe Fleming, with whom she believed Everard had broken altogether; but she remembered him now, and, at once attributing Everard's trouble to that source, she said, in her old, child-like way:

"It's Joe Fleming again, Mr. Everard, and I hoped you were done with him for ever."

She was very pale, and her eyes had a startled look for the sudden access and the words "my darling" had shaken her nerves a little, and roused in her a tumult of joy and dread of she scarcely knew what; but she looked steadily at Everard, who answered her bitterly:

"Yes, it is Joe Fleming—always Joe Fleming—and I am going to tell you about it; but, Rosalie, you must promise not to hate me. You must say beforehand that you will not despise me utterly, or I never can tell you. Bee knows and does not hate me. Do you promise, Rosalie?"

"Yes, I promise, and I'll help you if I can. There must be some way out of the difficulty, and a woman can sometimes think quicker than a man," Rosalie said, without the slightest suspicion of the nature of the trouble.

She never suspected anything. The shrewd, far-seeing ones, who scent evil from afar, would say of her that she was not very deep, or quick, and possibly she was not. Wholly guileless herself she never looked for wrong until it was thrust in her face, and so was easily deceived by what seemed to be good.

She certainly suspected no evil in Everard, and was anxious to hear the story which he might have told her then in his excitement, had it not been for an interruption in the shape of Lawyer Russell, who came suddenly into the office, bringing with him a stranger who wished to consult with both the old lawyer and the young.

That, of course, broke up the conference, and Rosamond was compelled to retire. It was Lawyer Russell who opened the door for her, and said, in a low tone:

"Sorry to interrupt, Miss Rosamond, but business before pleasure. You can finish to-night, you know."

There was no mistaking the lawyer's meaning, or the quizzical look in his eyes, and Rosalie's cheeks were scarlet as she hurried away, thinking more of the hot kiss which she could still feel upon her forehead, and the words "my darling," as spoken by Everard, than of the story he had to tell.

Question whether Rosalie thought much of the story or cared what its nature might be. Her mind was intent upon the fact that she was more to Everard than a sister or a friend, and that the events of the morning would be followed by something more definite.

And all that day she flitted gaily about the house, warbling snatches of song and occasionally repeating softly to herself "my darling," as Everard had said it to her. If indeed she were his darling, then nothing should separate them from each other. She cared nothing for his past misdeeds—nothing for Joe Fleming.

That was in the past. She believed in Everard as he was now, and loved him, too. Ay, loved him. She acknowledged that to herself, and her face burned with blushes as she did so. And, looking back over the past, she could not remember a time when she did not love him, or rather worship him, as the one hero in the world worthy of her worship.

And now—Rosalie could not give expression to what she felt now, or analyse the great happiness dawning upon her, with the belief that as she loved Everard Forrest so was she loved in return. She was very beautiful with this new light shining over her face, and very beautiful without it, too.

It was now two years since she went unabashed to Everard and asked to be his wife. Then she was fifteen and a half, and a mere child, so far as knowledge of the world was concerned, and in some respects she was a child still, though she was seventeen and had budded into a most lovely type of womanhood.

Her features were not quite as regular as Bee's, and her features not quite as soft and waxy; but it was very fresh and bright, and clear, and there was something so inexpressibly sweet and attractive in her face and the expression of her eyes, that strangers invariably looked at her twice, and asked who she was.

Her figure, which was about the medium size, was exceedingly spry and graceful, and her rippling hair waved in rich, heavy masses about her well-shaped head, adding somewhat to her apparent height and giving her a more womanly appearance than when she wore it loosely in her neck.

I do not know if Rosalie thought herself pretty.

If she did it was never apparent in her manner. Indeed, she never seemed to think of herself at all, though, as the day of which I am writing drew to a close, she did spend more time than usual at her toilet, and when it was finished felt tolerably satisfied with the image reflected by her mirror; and was sure that Everard would be suited, too.

He would come that night, of course. There was nothing else for him to do after the events of the morning, and as the evening wore on, and she began naturally to expect him, she grew so nervous and restless that Mrs. Markham asked if she were ill, or why her cheeks were so red. After that she tried to seem natural, and read a little aloud, while her ears were strained to catch the sound of the steps she knew so well.

But Everard did not come, and about noon of the next day she received a few lines from him saying that a business matter, which had come up suddenly, and of which Lawyer Russell and the stranger with him were the harbingers, would take him away for a week, and perhaps two. He had not time to say good-bye in person, but he would write to her, and he hoped to find her well on his return.

That was all. Not an allusion to the confession he was going to make—not a sign that she was really his darling, or that he had held her for a moment in his arms and kissed her passionately while he called her so.

He was going away on business and would write to her. Nothing could be briefer or more informal, though he called her his dear Rosalie.

And Rosalie, whose faith was not easily shaken, felt that she was dear to him even though he disappointed her.

She would hold to that while he was absent, or at least until his promised letter came, and though her face was not quite as bright and joyous as the night before, there was upon it an expression of happiness and content which made watchful Mrs. Markham believe that, as she expressed it to herself, "something had happened."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AND this is how it came about. It had rained all day in Dresden—a steady, persistent rain, which had kept the guests of the Hotel Victoria indoors, and made them so tired, and uncomfortable and restless, that by night every shadow of reserve was swept away, and they were ready to talk to anyone who would answer them in their own tongue.

Conspicuous among the guests in the parlour was Miss Fleming. She passed for one of those who, deservedly or not, get the reputation abroad of being very exclusive, and proud and unapproachable.

Just now this character suited Josephine, for she found that she was more taking and more talked about when she was reserved and dignified than when she was forward and flippant; so, though they had been at the "Victoria" some weeks, she had made but few acquaintances, and these among the English and the most aristocratic of the Americans. And Josephine had never been so beautiful as she was now.

She had learned the art of dressing to perfection, and never on any occasion appeared overdressed, or with a bow, or ribbon, or colour out of place. Her manners, too, were greatly improved, for she had been on the qui vive for everything which would add to her charms, and she had the satisfaction of knowing that she was always the most attractive woman in every company, and the most sought after.

Of her poverty she made no secret, and did not try to conceal the fact that she was Mrs. Arnold's companion; not hired, but travelling with her as friend and confidante. But she had seen better days, of course, before papa died and left his affairs so involved that they lost everything, and mamma was compelled to take a few boarders to eke out their income.

This was her story, which took well when told by herself, with sweet pathos in her voice and a drooping of her long lashes over her lovely blue eyes. Every one of her acquaintances of any account had been stepping-stones.

She met people who knew the Gordons, and John Hayden, and Miss Delknap, who was her very nearest card, the one she played most frequently, and with the best success.

Every one knew Beatrice, and were inclined to be gracious to her friend, Miss Fleming, who seemed to know her so well. Occasionally she had come across some graduate from Oxford whom she had met, but never till the rainy day with which this chapter opens had she seen anyone from the vicinity of Rothsay, or who knew her husband personally.

She was in the habit of looking over the list of arrivals, and had seen the names of "Mr. and Mrs.

Philip Evarts," and had readily singled out the newcomers at table d'hôte, divining at once that the lady was a bride, and mentally pronouncing her a little washed out, insipid thing, not worth a second thought.

But Mr. Evarts was different. As Everard had said, he was one to notice a handsome woman, even though he had a hundred wives, and he had seen Josephine the moment she entered the dining-room on the night of his arrival, and had asked who she was.

Since then he had watched her with a great deal of interest, and several times she had met his black eyes scanning her closely, and, as she knew, admiringly, and her own had kindled for an instant, and then dropped coldly and modestly as she passed him by; but no words had passed between them until the evening of the rainy day; then Josephine entered the parlour fidgetingly gotten up, and looking very sweet and lovely in her dark blue silk and velvet jacket and mantle, with her golden hair caught up with an ivory comb.

Nothing could be prettier than she was; and Phil Evarts, whose little wife was sick with a headache in her room, managed to get near the beauty, who took a seat apart from the others, and met his advance with a swift glance of her dreamy eyes, which made his heart beat faster than a man's heart ought to beat when his wife is upstairs with the headache.

It was her business to speak first, and she said, very modestly:

"Excuse me, sir, but do you know if there has been a mail since lunch?"

"I don't," he replied, "but I will inquire. I am just going to the office. What name shall I ask for?"

She told him, and during the few minutes he was gone he found out who Miss Fleming was, and all about her, that the English-speaking clerk knew. But there was no letter for her, only one for himself, for which he was very sorry.

She was sorry, too; she did so want to hear from home and sister. She did not say much, for she knew her mother was dead, and had known it for a week, and kept it to herself until she could decide whether to wear black or not, and so shut herself out from any amusements they might have in Paris, where they were going next.

Naturally the two began to talk of England, and when Mr. Evarts spoke of Oxford as his home, and asked if she had ever been there, she replied:

"I have not, but I have a friend who has been there often, and who has told me about the city. Some parts of it must be very pleasant from his description. Possibly you may have met him. He was once at school there. Everard Forrest, of Rothsay."

She had no idea that he had met him, and was greatly astonished at the vehemence with which he responded:

"Ned Forrest, of Rothsay! Of course I know him. We were at school together. He's the best fellow in the world. And he is your friend, too?"

"Yes," Jossey answered, beginning at once to calculate how much knowledge of Everard she would confess to. "I knew him when he was in college at Oxford. We lived in Holborn then, a little town over the borders, and he was sometimes there, but I have not seen him for a long time. I hope he is well."

"He was the last time I saw him, which was three or four months ago, perhaps more," Mr. Evarts replied. "He was in the city for a day, and I saw him just a moment. He is working like a dog; sticks to his business like a burr, which is so different from what I thought he'd do, and he so rich, too."

"Is he?" Josephine asked.

And Evarts replied:

"Why, yes; his father must have been worth half a million at least, and Ned got the whole, I suppose. There are no other heirs, unless something was given to that girl who lived in the family. Rosamond Hastings was the name, I think."

"Is his father dead?" Josephine asked, and in her voice there was a sharpening which even stupid Phil Evarts detected and wondered at.

"Dead? Yes," he replied. "He has been dead I should say nearly if not quite two years."

Josephine was for a moment speechless. Never in her life had she received so great a shock. That Judge Forrest should have been dead two years and she in ignorance of it seemed impossible, and her first feeling after she began to rally a little was one of incredulity, and she asked:

"Are you not mistaken? I knew his mother was dead, but I supposed his father was still alive."

"No, I'm not mistaken," Mr. Evarts replied. "I saw Everard a few weeks after his father's death, and talked to him of the sickness, which was apoplexy, or something of that sort. Anyway, it was

sudden, and Ned looked as if he hadn't a friend in the world. I did not suppose he cared so much for his father, who, I always thought, was a cross old tyrant. I used to visit at Forrest House occasionally years ago when we were boys, but have not been there since the judge's death. Ned took me to dine at the hotel last spring when I stopped to see him, and I have heard a round-about rumour that he did not stay at home much himself, but I do not know, as he keeps his affairs to himself. He does not often come to Oxford, and I have been gone most of the time for the last two years, and have heard but little of him."

"Who does live at Forrest House?" Josephine asked next, turning white to her lips at the reply:

"I am sure I don't know, unless it is that Miss Hastings. Seems to me I have heard she was there still, but really I know very little about it."

"How long has his father been dead?" Josephine asked, in a shaking voice, and caring little now whether Mr. Everts noticed her agitation or not.

He did notice it, but was very far from suspecting the cause, as he answered her:

"It must be two years in November, or thereabouts."

"And this girl—Rosamond Hastings—how old is she, and is he going to marry her?" Josephine asked next, while Everts thought to himself:

"Jealous as thunder, I do believe," but he replied:

"Miss Hastings must be seventeen or eighteen, and as to marrying her, I know nothing about it. Ned does not seem fond of women, and this girl, when I saw her five or six years ago, was not so very handsome."

Instantly Josey's active mind, which was seeking for some reason why Everts had deceived her so long, darted off in another direction, and she said:

"I have met a Miss Belknap, from Rothsay, who is a friend of Mr. Forrest. Do you know her?"

"You mean Bee Belknap, I suppose. I ought to know her, for never was poor mortal snubbed, and teased, and ridiculed as I was by her the week I spent with Ned years ago. But she is a splendid girl, and the most popular woman in town, if she does plunge head first into the reforms of the day, leading where others scarcely dare follow. She was head and front of the reformers when they made their raid on spirits, and though she didn't endorse every extreme measure, she did more to make spirit selling unpopular in Rothsay than any fifty women."

"Yes," Josey said, silently taking notes, from which to shape her future course, as Mr. Everts went on extolling upon the good qualities of Miss Belknap, whom he evidently admired greatly. "Yes, thank you," she added, when he was through, and as she just then saw Mrs. Arnold coming into the salon, she bowed to her new acquaintance, and walked away, with such a tinkle in her bosom as she had never before experienced.

It would take her a little time to recover herself and decide what to do. She must have leisure for reflection, and she took it that night in her room, and sat up the entire night thinking over the events of the last two years, as connected with Everts, and coming at last to the conclusion that he was a scoundrel, whom it was her duty as well as pleasure to punish by going to England at once and claiming him as her husband.

In the first days of her sudden bereavement, Agnes' kind heart had gone out with a great yearning for her young sister, to whom she had at once written of their mutual loss, saying how lonely she was without her now, and how she hoped they would henceforth be more to each other than they ever had been.

And Josephine had been touched and softened, and had written very kindly to Agnes, and had cried several times in secret for the dead mother she would never see again, but whose death she did not then see fit to announce to Mrs. Arnold; but she would do so now, and make it a pretext for going home at once.

Nothing should keep her from wreaking swift vengeance on the man who had deliberately deceived her for two years, and who, she had no doubt, was faithless to her in feeling, if not in act.

Of course there was a woman concerned in the matter, and that woman was either Miss Belknap or Rosalie Hastings; probably the latter, for she had never seen anything in Beatrice which would lead her to think that she cared for any man; so it must be Rosamond, the girl who, Mr. Everts said, was still living at the Forrest House, whither she means to go in her own person as Mrs. J. E. Forrest, and so ruin the enemy and establish her own claims as a much-injured wife.

She did not mean to be violent or harsh, only grieved and hurt, and forgiving, and she had no

doubt that in time she should be the most popular woman in Rothsay, not even excepting Beatrice; and she was glad Mr. Everts had given her some insight into that lady's line of conduct, as she would thus know better what to do.

It may seem strange that as a friend of Everts' Phil Everts had not heard of the judge's will, but for the last two or three years he had led a wandering kind of life and spent most of his time in Rio Janeiro, and as Everts had never spoken of his affairs on the few occasions they had met since the judge's death, he was in total ignorance of the manner in which the judge had disposed of his property.

Had he known it, and told Josephine, she might have acted differently and hesitated a little before she gave up a situation of perfect ease and comparative luxury for the sake of a husband whom she did not love, and who had nothing for her support except his own earnings.

But she did not know this, and she was eager to confront him and the jade, as she stigmatised Rosamond, and she packed some of her clothes that night that she might start at once.

Everts had been liberal with her so far as money was concerned, while Mrs. Arnold, who was naturally generous, had sometimes made her presents of money, so that she had enough for her passage home and also to replenish her wardrobe in Paris, for she meant to dress in black, thinking thus to be more interesting to the Rothsayites and to appeal more forcibly to their sympathies.

Fortunately for her plans the next morning's mail brought her another letter from Agnes, who thought she might be anxious to know what she had decided to do, for the present, at least, until they could consult together.

But Josephine cared very little what Agnes did. She was going to the Forrest House, and she was glad that Dr. Matthewson, who had been with her for a time at the hotel, had started for Italy only a few days before.

He might have opposed her plan, and she knew from experience that it was hard to resist the influence he had over her. Utterly reckless and unprincipled, he seemed really to like this woman whom he thoroughly understood, and in whose nature he recognised something which responded to his own.

Two or three times he had talked openly to her of a divorce, which she could easily get, and had hinted of a glorious life in Italy or wherever she chose to go. But Josephine was too shrewd to consider that for a moment.

Dr. Matthewson lived only by his wits, or to put it in plainer terms by gambling, and speculation and intrigue.

To-day he was rich, indulging in every possible luxury and extravagance, and to-morrow he was poor, and unable to pay even his board, and much as she liked him she had no fancy to share his style of living.

She preferred rather to be the hated wife of Everts Forrest and the mistress of his house, so she took Agnes's letter to Mrs. Arnold, who that morning breakfasted in her room, and with a great show of feeling, some of which was real, told her mother was dead, and her sister Aggie left all alone, and wanting her so badly that she felt it her imperative duty to start at once for England.

"I am sorry, of course, to leave you," she said; "but you have so many acquaintances now, and your health is so much better, that you will do very nicely without me, I am sure, and I have long felt that my position was merely a sinecure. I am only an unnecessary expense."

Mrs. Arnold knew that to some extent this was true. Josephine was rather an expensive luxury, and she had more than once seen in her signs of selfishness and duplicity, which shocked and displeased her.

But the girl had been uniformly kind and attentive to her, and she was loth to part with her, and tried to persuade her to wait till spring, when she would go with her.

But Josephine was determined, and seeing this, Mrs. Arnold ceased to oppose her, and generously gave her forty pounds for her expenses home, and Josephine took it, and smiled sweetly through her tears, and kissed her friend gushingly, and called her a dear, generous angel, whom she would reward if she never could, and then hurried away to complete her preparations.

The next day she left for Paris, where she stayed a week while she selected a most becoming wardrobe in black, and was delighted to see what a pretty, appealing woman she was in her mourning, and how fair and pure her skin showed through her long orange veil, and how blue and pathetic her eyes

looked, especially when she managed to bring a tear into them.

Of course she was noticed, and commented upon, and admired on shipboard, and when it was known why she was going home alone, and why she was in such deep mourning, she had everybody's sympathies, and was much sought after and made much of. To do her full justice, her mother was more in her thoughts now than she had been before since she heard of her loss, and often when she sat on deck looking upon the restless and rolling billows, she had no thought of their grandeur and beauty, but saw rather on every white-crested wave the dead face of her mother, which Agnes wrote had looked so calm and peaceful in its coffin.

She was certainly a very fair picture to contemplate, and the male portion of her fellow-travellers indulged in that pastime often, and anticipated her every movement, and vied with each other in taking her chair to the most sheltered and most comfortable place, and adjusting her wraps and drew her shawl a little closer around her neck, and helped her below whenever she was at all dizzy, as she frequently was, and when at last the "Ville de Paris" came into port, and she stood on shore, frightened, bewildered, and as much afraid of those dreadful custom-house officers, though she had nothing dutiable except a Madonna bought for mamma before she knew she was dead, at least ten gentlemen stood by her, reassuring her and promising to see her through, and succeeding so well that not one of her four big trunks was molested, and the captain himself helped her into the cab which was to take her to the station. With all the gallantry of a Frenchman he saw her comfortably adjusted, and squeezing her hand a little, lifted his hat politely, and wishing her bon voyage, left her to drive away towards the new life which was to be so different from the old.

(To be Continued.)

THUNDER CLOUDS.

It is generally estimated that there is no danger from a thunder cloud, when three seconds intervene between the flash and the report, as the cloud, if overhead, is then too high for the fluid to pass to the earth, and the discharges are only from cloud to cloud, and therefore are wholly harmless.

We come now to the important question, how lightning-rods should be constructed. And first of all it must be admitted that they are worth constructing. Of their real utility we can have no doubt, when perfectly arranged. We have their usefulness demonstrated in the natural world. As stated, our globe is covered over with billions of natural conductors of the electric fluid. So perfect are these, that it is estimated that a single spear of grass, with its multitude of invisible, minute points is many times more effective as a conducting agent than the finest needle; and every twig is far better than the most perfect metallic point ever attached to a lightning-rod.

From this large number of points in a forest we find the trees there are seldom struck by lightning, and probably never would be were it not that sometimes clouds are so very heavily charged, that even these myriad conductors cannot draw off the excess of fluid with sufficient rapidity, and the cloud must relieve itself by a sudden discharge. So the shipping in large ports, as London, New York, &c., are seldom struck for the same reason—the numerous elevated points tending to so relieve the clouds that there is seldom a discharge directly over them.

Indeed, by erecting to a great height a very large number of metallic conductors, we might wholly prevent the discharge of the electric fluid immediately over the land, so that not a single bolt would ever reach the earth, nor scarcely a single muttering even of thunder be then heard, save as the lightning darted from cloud to cloud. But the experiment would be a very costly one, and hence has never yet been made. Thus we have it demonstrated in nature, as well as by instrumental experiments, that points, especially if elevated, are silent conductors of the electric fluid.

The Angora goats from Asia have been introduced into Texas very largely within the last few years. One man now has about 1,000 crossed with the Mexican goat. Their hair or wool is long and will sell from 75 cents to 1 dollar a pound; the skin or hide makes the morocco leather and the kid glove; the suet is the best in the world; and the meat of the young goat is tender and toothsome. On the whole, the goat business in Texas and Mexico promises to be a great feature of their future.



[THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR.]

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF may be considered as the moving spirit of the Russian war, which is a dubious compliment, and is yet, in the ordinary estimation of the world, a valid compliment. For all appreciable purposes Gortschakoff is Russia. The Czar, who is the only irresponsible despot pure and simple now remaining in the European system, is, like our old feudal monarchs, much hampered or limited by the nobility, though amongst this class there is no formal or sustained cohesion. His minister alone has requisite knowledge of practical politics, domestic or foreign; he is really indispensable, and must usually be followed with a tolerably blind confidence. Where there is no public opinion, no free discussion, in a word no people, no aristocracy heading yet mingling with the people; where there exists only a despot, the master of blind force, the minister of the day has virtually the government and the destinies of the country within his hands. In the administration of a feeble or commonplace minister this may not lead to very important results; for the dominant policy will consist in letting things alone. But when, on the other hand, the minister is clever, well-informed, sagacious, and above all powerful and unscrupulous, he quickly becomes, by virtue of his unique position, the master of the situation. Such has been the state of affairs in Russia. It was so with Nesselrode. It is so notably and notoriously with Gortschakoff, who may be described as the Richelieu of Russia.

The family of Gortschakoff is of noble origin, tracing its ancestry through St. Michael of Tchernigoff (born 1246) to Ruric and Vladimir the Great. Saints of an uncouth order and a religion of idle ceremony and magical rites are important elements in Russian

life; deeds of cruelty and duplicity and violence have been frequently and freely perpetrated, and generally under the really sickening pretences of sanctimony and holy zeal. Most Englishmen, at least those of the old school, are apt to prefer an open evildoer to a man who disguises his ruffianism under the cloak of religion. Perhaps, however, we are changing all that now, though—for the credit of the country—it is to be hoped that we are not. From this Saint were descended in due course Prince Peter Gortschakoff, governor of Smolensk, who defended that town (1609-11) against Sigismund of Poland. Prince Dimitri, born 1756, a celebrated Russian poet, who wrote odes, satires, and epistles—both epistles and satires being still written by the Chancellor; Prince Alexander, who under his uncle, the ferocious Suwaroff, “distinguished” himself in the taking of Warsaw and in the atrocities of the Bridge of Prague, and received his reward in the rank of Lieutenant-general in 1793; he fought also in Switzerland and in 1799, and also commanded the right wing at the battle of Friedland; he became a general of infantry, Russian minister of war in 1812, and member of the imperial council. Prince Andreas served in 1799 under Suwaroff in Italy, commanded a division at Borodino in 1812, and in the campaign of 1813 distinguished himself at Leipzig and at Paris. Prince Peter was born in 1790. He shared in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814; served in Caucasasia; was in 1826 one of the signers of the Treaty of Constantinople; in 1839 was appointed Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, occupied that important post until 1851, when he retired from public life—till the Crimean war, when he commanded the left wing of the Russian troops at Alma. Prince Michael, the younger brother, distinguished himself in 1828 at the sieges of Silistria and Schumla; military governor of Warsaw in 1846; commanded the Russian forces in the Danubian provinces in 1853, and

in March, 1855, directed the defences of Sebastopol against the joint attack of England and France. As a reward for his services at Sebastopol he was appointed by the present Czar, Alexander, Lieutenant-General of the kingdom of Poland. He died in May, 1861.

The youngest of the three brothers, Prince Alexander Gortschakoff, was born in 1798. At an early age he was sent to the Academy of Zarskoe-Selo, where he became acquainted with an agreeable boy of his own age, afterwards the poet Pouschkin. He entered the diplomatic service when only nineteen, being appointed attaché to the suite of Count Nesselrode, with whom he went in 1821 to the Congress of Laybach, and in the following year to the Congress of Verona.

These were the palmy days of the Holy Alliance, when despots and diplomatists met to form plot and counterplot, and to fulfil their sinister designs. Obscurantism, not constitutional rule, came as the reaction against the Republican Terror; and it was in the school of obscurantism and sheer despotism, with the machinery of traditional craft and general unscrupulousity, a necessary part in the orthodox diplomatic equipment, that Gortschakoff quickly developed his abilities, proving himself unmistakably “to the manner born.” In 1824 he was removed to the Secretaryship of Legation in England, where he remained for six years, spending his time largely in the acquisition of foreign languages, and in the close observation of passing events. From 1830 to 1832 he filled the post of Secretary of Legation at Florence, at the close of which period he was named Councillor of Legation to the Russian Embassy at Vienna as successor to Baron Mayendorff. Here it was that his remarkable talents attracted the approving notice of Nesselrode.

At that time the Russian ambassador at Vienna, Baron Tatistcheff, was old and infirm in health, a confirmed valetudinarian, spending the major part of his time in travelling from one sanatorium to another, and able to bestow only a very general attention upon the duties of his office. These, we may suppose, were not peculiarly arduous, and there was a lull over affairs. Nevertheless the work, such as it was, fell mostly to Gortschakoff. He approved himself a worthy disciple of the astute Nesselrode. A policy of steady aggression, veiled under decorous, if possible, sanctified pretences, and promoted by sinister diplomacy or on occasion by open violence has been the uniform course of Russian affairs from the beginning of the state until now. We cannot speak of stages of history; the stage has been one and uniform throughout. No growth of enlightenment, no rise of public morality, no progress of any worthy sort has in any degree influenced Russian action; despotism, brute force, and craft are over all and in all. Constitutional Europe has largely outgrown this, has acknowledged some European opinion, some common element, if faint, of human right, some humanising side in politics; not so with Russia, which as a power is better entitled than any other nation to the epithet of anti-human. Prince Gortschakoff is said early to have improved; rather, we may fairly presume, to have systematised, the crooked policy of his predecessors. Of course we do not suppose that any diplomacy in a world like our own can be utterly exalted; men must be taken for what they are, in the diplomatic estimation. But a diplomacy of the old school, of the mean and sinister shifts and crafty artifices by which one nation was ever girding its neighbour, is somewhat discredited in the better judgment of Europe, and certainly some progress in political morality has been made among the people and governments of Europe. Gortschakoff had his spies and secret agents in every court, frequently among ladies of position, occasionally, we believe, among ladies of dubious position, the latter being naturally very serviceable, who were in constant communication with the Minister of Foreign Affairs. This network was dexterously spread over the various courts, and most important secrets were duly transmitted. This perfection of diplomacy was largely managed by the soaring genius of Prince Gortschakoff.

In 1841 Gortschakoff was sent as Minister Plenipotentiary to Wurtemberg. Here it was his special business to watch and traverse the several schemes of Austria and Prussia, who were striving for supremacy in the Germanic Union. Not only did he acquit himself well in this work, but he greatly pleased his Imperial master by the wise negotiation of a marriage for his favourite daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga. Getting on intimate terms with the heir-apparent, he persuaded that prince to offer himself to the Russian princess, and the marriage took place in July, 1846. Russia, through the court of Stuttgart, thus acquired in Germany an influence, which might have been decisively exerted before now for her own purposes but for the great German

Empire, which, for a good time, we may suppose, will be perfectly a match for Russia in that quarter.

For his adroit matrimonial services Prince Gortschakoff was liberally rewarded. His grateful master at once made him a Privy Councillor, and bestowed upon him extensive grants of land. In 1850 he was appointed Plenipotentiary to the Germanic Diet, retaining, however, his position at the Court of Wurtemberg. During his residence here he became acquainted with another eminent diplomatist, now one of the foremost men in Europe—Prince Bismarck. The two diplomatists were frequent companions and saw a good deal of each other in those hours of leisure and relaxation which are a peremptory necessity, doubly welcome to men burdened with the grave affairs of State. And business may be done, too, in those idle moments; or rather, no moment is wholly idle to the tactician, who at the slightest time often secures what for long he has been seeking. Gortschakoff recalls forcibly the days of our old diplomatists, when princes and ministers, with subtil craft or open force, played with nations as with ninepins. Popular development has altered this state of things, but the type of men will always exist, and diplomacy of course will exist, although quite possibly as less of a science of deliberate craft and systematised overreaching. Moreover, where, as in Holy Russia, there exists no popular development, no organ whatever of the popular voice, or rather no popular voice in any sense, the wily minister becomes the necessity, the factotum of his master, whose policy, as the wiser of the two, he may quite naturally direct. It is well that we have for some centuries outgrown these portentous ministers in England, the only danger, as some think, being that we are travelling too quickly in another direction.

In 1854 Prince Gortschakoff was despatched on an important mission to Vienna as special ambassador. It was the time of the Crimean War, and France in particular employed every endeavour to induce Austria to join the Allies. Austria wavered, and it was confidently anticipated that she was on the point of declaring war against Russia. Prussia and Russia, "for a consideration," stood side by side. The situation was perilous. On this occasion, Gortschakoff, having joined with him Count Arnim, plainly intimated that in the event of an Austrian declaration of war, Austria should be driven out of Germany. Such an intimation was enough; the risk was too formidable. Austria preserved her neutrality, but subsequently, none the less surely, has sunk seriously in the scale of European powers. The once proud position of Austria is now occupied by Prussia, whose monarch has revived the Austrian, or rather Germanic title of Emperor. Certainly, Gortschakoff's services at this critical juncture were immense; they have been well requited, and they have secured for him the lofty position of the directorship of Russian politics.

Shortly after the proclamation of peace in April, 1856, Prince Gortschakoff was summoned to St. Petersburg in the capacity of foreign minister and chief adviser, or as his title now runs Imperial Chancellor, to the Czar, Alexander the Second.

Prince Gortschakoff's knowledge of men and experience in politics are immense, and his measures have met with rare success. There has been every condition of success. The Prince's cool intellect, vast experience, resolute will, singular dexterity and dissimulation, perfect unscrupulousness, and then, not a Parliament of Freeman, but an acquiescent nominal master, and the whole blind force of obedient Russia at his back. One of his latest triumphs was that of October, 1870, when the Treaty of Paris was in large measure annulled in favour of Russia, and the results of the Crimean War were tamely abandoned at the desire of the old encroaching power. What the character of Russian rule, as administered by Gortschakoff and his amiable and hypochondriacal master, has been is well known: it is stamped on the wholesale exterminations in the Caucasus and in Khiva, in the atrocities legally and deliberately practised in Poland, in the conduct of the cruel legions in Bulgaria, in a word, is stamped in unmistakable characters on any country or tribe falling under the tender mercies of St. Petersburg.

Tolerance in religion or in politics is unknown; humanity towards even women or little children is ridiculed; free discussion of any sort is simply stamped out rigorously as a pestilence. Without learning or debate, without liberty, without spiritual religion—Russia is blind force, headed by a despot, and managed by craft, violence, or at times by Imperial falsehood. That Russia contains within herself the possibilities of development, nay of intellectual and political greatness, we do not deny, but it is clear as noonday that the time is not yet. Whatever Russia may or may not become in the future, it would only

be a gigantic evil if the destinies of Europe, nay of the smallest province of Europe, were given over to her control. She must get the rudimentary blessings of good government for herself before she impudently seeks to thrust any government upon other nations.

Prince Gortschakoff's character is stamped indelibly on his career, and that career is the history of his country. If this is not flattering to his virtues it is decisive as to his success, which is what so many worship, and as to his powers—we won't speak of his precise application of them. In his way, too, he has served his country. His country or his Czar—for there is no living, breathing country as we in Western Europe use the word—has well acknowledged his services. Perhaps just now he is the foremost man of Europe. That eminence, we may note in conclusion, is a proud position for a man in his seventy-ninth year. Lord Lyndhurst counted a man at thirty-six as a "mere boy." Gortschakoff and many of our leading public men—Thiers, Lord Beaconsfield, Cardinal Manning—retain the full vigour of their faculties far beyond the grand climacteric. And even now the crafty Russian will probably find work for Europe for many a year; he has certainly reared for himself a monument.

T. H. G.

THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH, AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

If anything makes my blood boil, it is to be treated with assumed candour—to have a half-confidence poured into my ear, and to be expected to offer my tenderest sympathy to someone who is mixing a small portion of truth with a very large portion of the stuff of which falsehoods are made.

Let people keep their private affairs to themselves. I have no right or any wish to require an account of their business arrangements, to know anything of their quarrels, to ask how their love affairs prosper, or learn why they came to a disastrous termination. If I ask questions which I have no right to ask, to treat me to evasion is to serve me properly; but when one comes to me with assumed candour, and begs me not to mention it to any one—"but, really, I must tell you all about it"—and then proceeds to give an account of a portion of what has happened, nicely garnished with much of what has not; then, as I listen, involuntarily dividing the truth from the falsehood—for there are few artful enough to do this patching well, and it is easy to detect the seams—then, I confess, I feel insulted.

At least, I ever after doubt the love and confidence of the narrator of that semi-truthful tale; for, though there might be many reasons for keeping all knowledge of a certain fact from one we loved or esteemed, there can be none for the course of which I have spoken.

Yet it is such a common course. Vanity, a desire to boast, a wish to assume a virtue if they have it not, arises and whispers to so many people, "Keep this back, add that," even while the great pleasure of talking about themselves inspires them to pretended confidence. Perhaps they do not reflect upon the insult they heap upon their listener by such feigned confession. Perhaps they do not know how low they fall when detected in such unnecessary and unworthy conduct.

M. K. D.

WORK FOR WOMEN.

SOCIETY stamps it as a disgrace for a woman to earn money, and as a disgrace for a man not to do so. So, then, society requires woman to be a pauper, a beggar all her days, a parasite drawing her nourishment from any plant to which she can find attachment, a consumer preying on the producer. A girl must be supported in idleness (elegant leisure, I mean) by her father, or any other male relative, until, by her fascinations, she is able to induce somebody else to take her. If never married, she is a "social failure."

This might do, if every girl had a tender, indulgent father, a doting uncle or a darning brother, and she was sure, at an early age, to find a husband who idolised her. But such is not the case.

Some women must work for their living, now, and such has, I presume, always been the case. But such lose caste, and the majority will avoid it if they possibly can. I have heard of women who were willing to stay at home without the commonest comforts of life, spending their lives in keeping up appearances merely to have it to say that they never earned their living. Half the effort spent in useful work might have kept them decently, and made them of some service to society.

I will "tell the tale as 'twas told to me," of a girl

who, after a short acquaintance, married a scamp. This personage robbed her of what few valuables she possessed, and ran away within a month after marriage. Said a friend to her, "What did you have him for when you knew so little of him?" "Oh!" said she, "I was afraid I'd never get another chance."

This tells volumes. It is so everywhere. A woman must marry, even if she never go to Heaven. It is appalling to think of women valuing themselves so lightly as to be willing to sell themselves for naught! No wonder the beautiful, solemn, holy institution of marriage is lightly esteemed, so little understood. To decree that a woman must not work for her living is one of the foulest wrongs ever practised against her. Why? The other decree of society tells it.

Every woman must marry, or "be cast on the rugged edge of the world's bitter scorn." It is not for the sacred duties of marriage that they must marry. Oh, no! If social philosophers meant this, they would know very well that a true marriage cannot exist without love, and that when a woman truly loves she don't go veering about hunting chances. It is simply this. The world is one of wastes, after all. If you receive anything from society you must return an equivalent. If you are supported you must pay for your support. As marriage is a stated necessity, a woman who does not marry deserves the odium of society for ingratitude and dishonesty.

This feeling, if not these words, everywhere emphasised, does compel women to rush into loveless, miserable marriages. For if woman has never been taught to make her living what other prospect than dependence or sin has she before her? Her father or guardian cannot live always, she has not yet seen a man whom she can love with her whole heart, and she cannot wait much longer, so she takes what she can get.

ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

RECENTLY there was performed in Linlithgow the curious and interesting ceremony of proclaiming the riding of the burgh marches. The fact that this custom is still observed with some pomp and circumstance is pleasantly suggestive of the staunchness of the worthy burghers. In the procession by which the ceremony is carried through, the principal figure is that of the clean-shaven town drummer, dressed as occasion befits, in a presentable blue uniform with gold-laced cap, and carrying his well-worn drum. On either side of this worthy, whose every movement has an air of importance, walks a staid-looking halbardier, also attired in blue, and wearing a hat with band of lace. Behind this trio come two members of the local Volunteer corps, playing a nondescript air, perhaps it may be an air a piece, the one on a drum and the other on a flute. At intervals of fifty yards or so this procession is drawn up; then there is a beating of the drum, by way of prelude to the proclamation, and next raising his drumsticks, the crier gives the well-known signal, and shouts of "Oh yes," thrice repeated, break from the most potent, grave, and reverend attendants. With this introduction the drummer proceeds to announce that by command of the Lord Provost and magistrates of Linlithgow he calls all faithful burghers to attend at the ringing of the bells on a certain date in their best carriages and equipages, thereafter to proceed to the riding of the "marches and liberties of this ancient and honourable burgh royal," under penalty of twenty pounds Scots.

BE GENTLE AT HOME.

THERE are few families, we imagine, anywhere in which love is not abused as furnishing the licence for impoliteness. A husband, father, or brother will speak harsh words to those he loves best simply because the security of love and family pride keeps him from getting his head broken. It is shameful that a man will speak more impolitely at times to his wife or sister than he would to any other female except a low or vicious one.

It is thus that the honest affections of a man's nature prove to be a weaker protection to a woman in the family than the restraints of society, and that a woman is usually indebted for the kindest politeness of life to those not belonging to her own household.

Things ought not so to be. The man who because it will not be resented, inflicts his spleen and bad temper upon those of his hearthstone is a small coward and a mean fellow. Kind words are circulating mediums between true gentlemen in society;

and nothing can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in between those bound together by his own ties of blood, and the still more sacred bonds of conjugal love.

THE RIVER.—The immense traffic that now finds an outlet on "Father Thames" taxes the resources of the Steamboat Company to the utmost. Since the amalgamation both the management and the boats have very much improved, notably the saloon boats, which carry thousands daily to Gravesend, Rochester, and the place to spend a happy day. Southend, Sheerness, &c., &c., at a price which the working man appreciates. Extensive preparations are being made to accommodate the enormous crowds which a Bank Holiday brings to the riverside. The company hold out every inducement to travellers by way of transfer and return tickets up and down the river. Any information required is courteously given by Messrs. Towse, Duck, and Bruton, at Old Swan Pier, London Bridge.

FACETIÆ.

NATURAL INDIGNATION.

MATERNAL FAMILIAS (whose pretty daughters have not got partners): "Just look at those horrid married women dancing away! They ought to be ashamed of themselves!" —Punch.

THE MONITOR SYSTEM.

JUDGING by the blowings-up which have occurred, the Turkish monitors, like those of the Blue-Coast School, seem to be in need of official overhauling. —Punch.

A RENCONTRE.

MRS. H. (wishing to economise) takes an early morning train to the American meat stores. Mrs. H's west-end butcher (who sells only "prime English" meat) has, for some mysterious reason, come to the same place. They meet—Tableau! —Punch.

DOWN AT WIMBLEDON.

FIRST VOLUNTEER: "How came you to join?"
SECOND VOLUNTEER: "Well, I have no wife to care a fig for me; besides I like war."
FIRST VOLUNTEER: "Ah! Now, I have a wife, and I joined because I like peace!" —Punch.

THE BAROMETER.

MASTER (soliloquising aloud): "This hand doesn't move a bit!"
HOUSEMAID: "No, sir. Please, sir, I think it wants oiling."
"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."—That the landlord said he didn't want his quarter's rent. —Fun.

A PRO TEST.—Hamlet.

—Fun.

THE SAVAGE BEAST.

AMATEUR VIOLINIST (to unmusical friend): "I am so engaged—so sought after for the sake of my playing—that 'twill be quite a relief to me when I can run away from my friends."
U. F.: "Ah—yes! and I say—what a relief to your friends, eh?" —Fun.

THE COMMON ENEMY.

A CAPITAL RUSSIAN INVESTMENT.—The investment of Kars. —Judy.
A ZOR TROPE.—One of Mr. Maskelyne's latest speeches. —Fun.

BROAD HINT.

ENGLISH TRAVELLER (to Irish railway porter labelling luggage): "Don't you keep a brush for that work, porter?"
PORTER (licking label): "Sure, your honour, our tongues is the only instruments we're allowed. But they're say kep' wet, your honour?" (Hint taken!) —Punch.

ENVY!

FIRST FISHERMAN: "Wot was the lady sayin' to yer, Billy?"
SECOND F.: "Wants to paint my picter. Never knowed I was so 'andsome afore!"
FIRST F.: "Thought I'd seen 'er somewhere! That's Madame Tussaud! Wants yer in wax for the chamber o' 'ortors!" —Fun.

SEASONABLE.

THERE was a curious dearth prevalent in the metropolis last Sunday. Everybody was out of doors. —Fun.

JOHN BULL (to Austria): "So you at last are allit to the danger? Perhaps we may help each other." —Judy.

DANGEROUS RIVALS.

(Scene: Not a hundred miles from Hampstead.)

Y. OOI: "What are these here bashi-basook they're writing of in the newspapers, Tom?"
TOM: "Why, a kind of Malisher, something like the lot we run in last Saturday." —Fun.

APPEARENTLY.

MR. DARWIN promises shortly "A Biographical Sketch of an Infant." Of course, he will prove that the child was "a regular little monkey." —Fun.

ON THE CARDS.—When a game of whist is played in Calcutta, can it be called an India-rubber? —Judy.

ANATOMICAL QUERY.—Is the "comic vein" situated anywhere near the funny-bone? —Judy.

THE RIGHT COURSE.—The Admiralty have at last agreed with Captain Coppin about raising the "Vanguard." He is to pay them £20,000 for the vessel as she lies. It is understood that the money will be immediately paid into the Sinking Fund. —Judy.

THE MORAL LESSON.

MOTHER: "If Mrs. Johnson comes, Jemmy, say I'm not at home."
JEMMY: "Oh, I dar-say! And then you'll give me a whacking for telling a story!" —Judy.

SYNONYMOUS.—Admiral Popoff, the torpedo! —Judy.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

LADY: "I want some tea, Mary. I suppose mamma did not leave the tea-caddy unlocked?"

MARY: "No, miss. But I know where missis keeps the key. It is under the clock in the study." —Punch.

A COUNTRY girl wrote to her lover: "Now, George, don't you fable to be at the Nightingales' Retreat to-night." George wrote back that "in the bright lexicon of youth—Webster's Unabridged—there is no such word as Fale." —Punch.

THE SPELLING BEE.

THE Spelling-Bee is wanted in Cincinnati, as the "Times" of that place gives some examples from personal experience:

A young lawyer left upon his door this mysterious legend: "Gone to brexrus." A druggist was surprised and disturbed to receive from a servant: "Please give the bare something to fizick him 15 cents. worth." A jury handed up to the judge a communication endorsed: "To the onorable gug." The proprietor of a country store received this note from one of his customers: "Mister Cream, Want you let my boy hev a pare of easy shux?"

A NOTICE.

A WESTERN newspaper has the following notice: "All notices of marriage, where no bride-cake is sent, will be set up in small type and poked in an outlandish corner of the paper. Where a handsome piece of cake is sent, the notice will be put conspicuously in large letters; when gloves or other bride favours are added, a piece of illustrative poetry will be given in addition. When, however, the editor attends at the ceremony in person, and kisses the bride, it will have special notice—very large type, and the most appropriate poetry that can be begged, borrowed, or stolen."

A NUTTY PLATOUR.—The favourite poet of the Emperor of the Brazils is, of course, Sholley. —Fun.

CLERICAL ERRORS.

THE Dean of Arches wishes it to be known that his position is in no way connected with any railway company. It is also a mistake to imagine that his Metropolitan is one of the dignitaries of the Underground. —Fun.

ALL ABOARD.

NEIGHBOUR (log.): "Lor, he've quite growed out o' knowledge, haven't he, missis?"
FOND MOTHER: "Aye, he be getting a big boy; and would 'e believe it, he've picked up so many of these fine foreign words since he've been abroad at his uncle's in Scotland, I can't understand 'arf he say!" —Fun.

WHEN SHALL WE BE THERE?

SMALLISH VOLUNTEER: "I tell you what it is—I should be very sorry, but if the Government were to support those blackguard Turks, I would resign to-morrow!" —Judy.

THE FALL OF A POPULAR PATRIARCH.

WE learn with regret, from a Weekly Content porary, that the Giant Poplar at Henley has been blown down. Our recorder of the catastrophe calls the fallen Giant "the last of its Race." What a pity the last of its Race did not survive to see the first of its Negrita! —Punch.

POLITICAL OPPOSITES.

MR. GLADSTONE has defined a Radical to be a man who is in earnest. Would he, then, define a Tory as a man who is in joke? —Punch.

ENTRÉE.

"Ah," said Charley Bates, when he was "lagged" at the General Grant Crystal Palace Celebration, "it was a special fête as brought him, and I suppose it was a special fate as brought me—hang it all!" —Fun.

FILING OFF.

A FILE of Russian soldiers would, it is said, at the word of command, march off a precipice. Yes; as far off as possible. —Funny Folks.

A VERY STRANGE FELLOW—D'YE SEE?

A REMARKABLE circumstance is reported from Sheffield. On Saturday, a man who had been seen to deliberately walk into the water for the purpose of committing suicide was asked his reason for such rash conduct, and replied that his wife had presented him with an addition to his family. Our special correspondent informs us that the individual is suspected of acting under a fit of lunacy produced by son stroke. —Funny Folks.

INSTRUCTIVE QUERY.

Q. What is the difference between ten stone four ounces and a quarter of horse flesh and an habitual drunkard?
A. There is no difference; they both go to the dogs. —Funny Folks.

PHYSIOGNOMICAL.

A MAN may easily have a "potato nose" without having also Colorado "beetle-brown brows." —Fun.

THE EYE-SMITH STYLE.

A DEFINITION of "Linked sweetness long drawn out"—Two fashionable young ladies walking arm-in-arm. —Judy.

A STANDING ADVANTAGE.

A LADY of our acquaintance always buys her boots of the maker, because she says: she can wear them twice as long. But is this an advantage—except in the long run? It would not surprise us to hear that she never wore her boots out. —Fun.
THE "UN" popular Educator—Experience. —Judy.

CUMMING Event—The end of the world. —Judy.

HOW TO ACCOUNT FOR IT.

IN a notice of the Royal Academy Exhibition, one of the papers asserts that in many of the pictures "the artists show a great lack of taste." Without absolutely assenting to this statement, one may admit the possibility of an artist having something wrong with his palette—in which case, the taste would necessarily be a little wrong. —Judy.

INCIDENTAL.

SOON false teeth will be so cheap that it will hardly pay an infant to undergo the painful, and often dangerous, process of cutting a natural set. —Funny Folks.

TOO BAD.

SOME one has been trying to persuade Aunt Towser that the reason for selling beef by the "stone" is that it shall be more convenient for "jerking." —Funny Folks.

THE ATTITUDE OF AUSTRIA.

AMBASSY: "The whole street's in a flame, and it's coming close upon us. What had we better do?"

AUSTRIA: "Do? Nothing at all. Haven't we our Policy, and can't we rely on the Black Eagle Assurance?" —Funny Folks.

INSISTING ON HER RIGHTS.

FINE OLD CRESTED WAITER: Beg pardon, m'm, but these is my tables.

GUEST: "But if I prefer the other waiter, I am entitled to him. Your carte say: 'Including choice of two soups, two fish, dessert, coffee, and attendants!'" —Funny Folks.

A RARA AVIS.

A DISTINGUISHED man who has not had his portrait published in a weekly paper. —Judy.

THE Justices declared at the Ayrshire Quarter Sessions that an applicant was a young man of "too good a character" to entrust him with a public-house licence.

SHE was a very modest girl, and when the observatory astronomer said: "Take a glance through the telescope, miss, and you will see Venus in all her glory," she frigidly drew back and replied: "No, thank you, sir; I have no desire to look at any member of my sex who dresses as she is represented to."

HOW TO COMPOSE ONE'S SELF FOR A PORTRAIT.

A PHOTOGRAPHER gives the following directions to his customers:

"When a lady sitting for a picture would compose her mouth to a bland and serene character, she should, just upon entering the room, say 'Besom,' and keep the expression into which the mouth subsides until the desired effect in the camera is evident. If, on the other hand, she wishes to assume a distinguished and somewhat noble bearing, not suggestive of sweetness, she should say 'Brash,' the result of which is infallible. If she wishes to make her mouth look small she must say 'Flip,' but if the mouth be already too small and needs enlarging, she must say 'Cabbage.' If she wishes to look mournful, she must say 'Kerchunk,' if resigned, she must forcibly ejaculate 'Scat.'"

SOMETHING IN A NAME.

ACCORDING to the "Quarterly Review," the word "protocol" comes from two Greek words—*protos*, first, and *kolla*, glue. The last of the two halves of derivation so neatly expresses what the Russians intend to do if they can, and the glue seems to show so unmistakably what they intend to "stick to" when it is kolla ed, that a more appropriate name for a Russian manifesto could not be found anywhere.

—Judgy.

THE WAY WE LIVE.

POPULAR address to a cold Spring, specially adapted to the present weather—Rail, vernal season, (and hail it does, accordingly.)

—Judgy.

OTHER TIMES, OTHER MANNERS.

WITHIN the present month land in the Poultry has been let on building lease at £1 per square foot per annum; and, since then, some vacant land in Moor-gate Street, almost on the borders of the City, fetched 8s. per square foot. If the Saxon King who declared that all he would give to a threatening invader was six feet of English soil (enough to bury him in), had lived in these days, he would probably have hesitated. At any rate, when Harold Hardrada selected the plot, he would have kept clear of what is termed—a little ironically—Chenepside. —Judgy.

A SHOPKEEPER in the Far West having had a stormy discussion with his better half, put the shutters up, with the following notice: "Closed during altercations."

PEARL.

AN old writer says: "I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride for fear of the horse running away; afraid to sail, for fear the boat might be upset; afraid to walk, for fear they might fall; but I have never seen one afraid to be married, which is far more risky than all the others put together."

CRICKETERS often boast of a long score; but see: One of the lady "boss" at the Zoological Gardens has given birth to twenty little boss. Now, considering the mamma is a trifle under twenty feet in length, surely this is the longest score of the season; —Funny Folks.

STATISTICS.

POPULATIONS OF RUSSIA AND TURKEY.—At the Statistical Society Mr. E. G. Ravenstein, F.R.G.S., recently read an elaborate paper on the populations of Russia and Turkey. The former of these empires has 84,584,482 inhabitants, the latter only 25,956,568, or, including Egypt, Tripoli, and Tunis, 43,408,800. The population of Roumania is 4,850,000, of Servia 1,352,500. The population of Russia increases at the rate of 1.1 per cent. per annum, the increase amongst the Jews being at least double what it is amongst the Christians. With respect to Turkey there exists no data for calculating the increase, though it is most probable that this dominant race does not increase at all, a fact accounted for by vicious practices prevailing amongst the women, and by the sacrifices demanded from it for the defence of the empire. Some curious facts were com-

municated with respect to the proportions between males and females. Throughout Asiatic Russia and in a considerable portion of European Russia the male sex preponderates. The same fact has been noted in Roumania, in Greece, and in other parts of Europe. The author thus summed up the results of his investigations:—In the Russian Empire there are 100 Russia s to every 50 members of the nationalities, and 100 Christians to every 16 Mohammedans and Pagans. In Turkey, on the other hand, 100 Turks have opposed to them 197 members of other nations, and 100 Mohammedans, 47 Christians.

THE WORKMAN'S WIFE.

My loving bride no jewels hath
Save one plain ring she wears,
Few roses strew her daily path
Of humble household cares;
To deck her head with gorgeous plumes
No bird of beauty mourns,
No odorous veit of cunning looms
Her graceful form adorns;
But show the bright breast-jewel of
My busy, toiling life,
Whose wish is but to live and love
As helpmeet and as wife.

White is her gown at morn—a fair,
Soft robe at evening's hour,
And, if aught she wear in her dark hair,

'Tis a simple wild-wood flower;
But, oh! the kiss that bids me forth,
Light-hearted, to my work,
Surpasseth all the flowers of earth
That in the greenwood lurk;
And the glance that lights me home at last,

When the day's long task is through,
Is sweeter than is sunward cast
From violets dashed with dew.

From her soft arms our baby spreads
Its chubby hands, and crows,
The glancing firelight round their heads

Its saintly halo throws;
And sometimes, when I see them so,
Or in the doorway stand,
Touched by the sunset's rosy glow,
With Peace on every hand,
My thoughts revert, with reverent love,
Unto the picture mild
That Raphael wrought so purely of,
Madonna and her Child.

Few are the hours we snatch from toil—

Bread-winners in the strife—
We've little of the corn and oil,
And all the cares of life;
Yet whiffs we have of country air
Sometimes on afternoons,
With the birds and flowers, in park and square,

That are such grateful boons;
And we envy not the rich and proud,
Whose teams and coaches gay
We yet may watch, and swell the crowd
That lines their flashing way.

And, best of all, we never nope
Apart in grief—alone;
When heart to heart speaks comfort,
Hope

Ne'er quite deserts her throne.
Hard times upon us often press,
We've bread, and little more,
But whatever cup of bitterness
May be for me in store,
I know my wife will drain her part,
Though it mingles dark and high,
And I know the love that binds her heart

Will never, never die!

N. D. U.

GEMS.

LITTLE things should not be despised; for many threads will bind an elephant, and many drops will make a river.

YOUNG men are apt to think themselves wise enough, as drunken men are apt to think themselves sober enough.

ABOVE all other features which adorn the female

character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste.

TIME will bring to light whatever is hidden; it will conceal and cover up what is now shining with the greatest splendour.

THOSE who marry women much richer than themselves are not the husbands of their spouses, but slaves to the fortunes which their wives have brought them.

MANKIND has been learning for six thousand years, and yet how few have learned that their fellow-beings are as good as themselves.

IN life it is difficult to say who do you the most mischief—enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best.

ALL great questions have been settled by men in earnest—by men who have bound a principle about their hearts, which they come to regard as "part and parcel" of their being. Little, peevish, temporising policy never yet conferred a lasting benefit upon the world.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

TO COOK SALMON, ETC.—Slice an onion into a stewpan, add a piece of butter, fry quite brown; add the fish, newly boiled, or of the day before, skinned, boned, and cut into small pieces; a little pepper and salt. When the fish has been frying for five minutes add a wineglass of water and also of brown sherry; put on the lid of the pan, and let it stew gently for half-an-hour; thicken it with a teaspoonful of flour made into a smooth paste with water, and serve up very hot.

SWEET PICKLE—NUTMEG MELON.—Take the melons when just ripe, pare, take out the seeds, and cut in any shape or size. Put them in a pan, cover with weak alum water; let stand twenty-four hours. Drain well, pour on vinegar to cover, pour it off and measure it. To each quart take two pounds of sugar, add two tablespoonfuls of mace; no other spice. Put on the syrup, boil fast, skimming well; then put in the fruit; boil five minutes. Pour into a large jar, and let stand twenty-four hours. Boil the syrup without the fruit eight mornings, then once together. If too much juice to cover, boil down. Keep in unsealed jars.

SMALL articles in steel are said to be preserved from rust while being tempered by giving them a coating of ferro-cyanide of potassium. For this, two parts of finely-powdered charcoal and one part of ferro-cyanide of potassium are boiled up to a thick paste with a solution of gelatine or strong glue. After warming them, the articles are dipped into this mass, dried, dipped again, and so on, until the coating is the twelfth of an inch thick. The articles can then be exposed to a coal fire, heated to redness, and tempered without fear of rusting.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE "Globe" states that the Russian Government has given Mr. Whithead an order for 100 fish torpedoes, to be despatched to the Black Sea and the Danube immediately.

THE strength of the forces now at the Curragh Camp is 241 officers, 8,103 non-commissioned officers and men, and 1,909 horses and guns.

THE new Hessian boot to be worn in full dress by the officers of the Hussar regiments is to have a thin strip of gold lace or cord and a small gold button at that part of the boot that goes round the calf of the leg. In former times, up to the end of the Waterloo campaign, the lace was half an inch, with a tassel or button, the boot itself wrinkled, the colour red, yellow, morocco leather, or simple black.

THE Earl of Beaconsfield has communicated to Lord Aberdeen the Queen's gracious desire that the Albert Medals should be conferred by him, on her Majesty's behalf, on those who have been selected as having specially distinguished themselves by their gallantry in the rescue of the imprisoned colliers at Tynewydd. Lord Aberdeen is at present suffering from extreme hoarseness, due to a relaxed throat, and has been recommended by his medical advisers to leave London for the North. A week, however, will probably elapse before the medals are struck.

AN enterprising tradesman has brought out a white silk umbrella, with rough caken handle, in the end of which is a watch covered with a very thick crystal. It is for the seaside, to which place all thoughts are turning.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. R. asks, "What is the best and easiest way to get a young lady to be in love with one?" We really cannot decide, there are so many. No man's experience will much help his neighbour in this respect, for scarcely two women are exactly of the same tastes, fancies, and dispositions. What would fascinate one might hopelessly revolt another. But we must say that the man who is in love, and requires another's help to teach him how to win his lady's affections, does not deserve to gain them.

GASPARD.—The four great national festivals of Greece were the "Olympic," dedicated to Jupiter, after the defeat of the Titans; the "Pythian," to Apollo; the "Nemean," to Archemorus originally, but to Hercules after the Nemean lion; and the "Isthmian," dedicated to Neptune. The Olympic games were so called from Olympia, or Pisa, a town of Elis, in Peloponnesus, near which place they were celebrated after the expiration of every four years. The interval between the celebration of these games was hence called an Olympiad.

M. L.—We certainly cannot advise you to contract a clandestine marriage. Be patient, and in time your father will, in all probability, give his consent. Young lovers are proverbially impatient.

C. S.—You have no right to engage a lady's affections unless you see some reasonable hope of being able to marry her. Nothing is more unmanly, selfish, and contemptible than perpetually hovering round and paying attentions to a girl, winning her regard, and isolating her from others, when there is no near and rational prospect of marriage with yourself.

AQUA.—The best and the pleasantest way would be to proceed by one of the London Steamboat Company's saloon boats to Sheerness.

THE MAIDEN'S DEATH fails to display sufficient merit for publication, notwithstanding the heroine's "flush of youth's serenity." When the maiden is asked to be a bride "by the river's side" it is not complimentary to her for the writer to add "Thou, 'even' thou," nor is it a singular thing that the stalwart youth should breathe her golden hair "even" tenderly. "Bow" (verb) does not rhyme with "low" (adverb).

JULIA.—If your husband is afflicted and unable to work you must do the best you can for both, but if, on the other hand, he is simply idle, and your business stands in jeopardy at his hands, state your case to a magistrate and ask for a protection order. Your own name over the shop door would afford you no security that we can see.

TACKEE.—1. Drawing-boards can be had of any required size. Those made for use in schools run from, say, 14in. by 11in., at 1s. 4d. each, to 24in. by 18in., at 3s. apiece, without easels. One 25in. long by 20in. broad would cost about 4s. 2. Easels are either folding or framed, averaging six feet in height—the former costing from 4s. 2d. to 5s. 6d. each square, 4s. 9d. to 6s. 6d. flat; the latter 8s. 6d. to 16s. 6d. with T bar for maps, a little less without. If you cannot procure them in your neighbourhood send to G. M. Hammer, 370, Strand, London, W.C. 3. You should be able to get imperial drawing-paper from a stationer in your locality at a reasonable price. 4. Cassell's English-German dictionary gives instructions for the pronunciation of the German.

MICROSCOPIC.—With care we think you might improve your handwriting very much—there is an appearance of undue haste about it. The style is not un ladylike. Use capital letters more sparingly. They should not be placed, as we find them in your note, at the commencement of verbs, demonstrative pronouns, participles, prepositions, or articles, except any one of these begins a sentence or some peculiar significance has to be pointed out, as, for instance, the great I Am.

COUSIN SAM.—It is not likely that the parochial authorities under the circumstances would submit to their interests, and which—keeping the suggested contingency in view—would seem to indicate a conspiracy to defraud. Whether or not such an instrument could be successfully defended in a court of law we do not undertake to decide.

FABRIZ POLLI's orthography and penmanship are so eccentric that we are unable to determine whether the question before us relates to "roses" or "vases"—the context helping us but little. We hope to be more successful the next time our correspondent addresses us.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

It is proposed to issue at frequent intervals in the

"LONDON READER"

Biographies of Eminent Living Men—Politicians, Generals, Poets, Artists, &c.—each being accompanied by a Lifelike Portrait.

THE PRESENT NUMBER CONTAINS

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF, CHANCELLOR of RUSSIA.

This feature will constitute both a highly interesting attraction and also a most useful

WORK OF REFERENCE—A ROLL OF CONTEMPORARY GREATNESS.

MARY & BELLA.—Neither specimen of penmanship is very good, but Mary's is slightly the better, being more ladylike than Bella's, which is very legible, but resembles the hand of a schoolboy. There is a suspicious likeness between the two which favours the assumption that they have been written by the same person.

EASTON K.—Let your head be shaved—in all probability the hair will then grow again on it. If you cannot or would rather not have that done, use a hard brush frequently and vigorously, and apply once or twice a day, or less often should soreness ensue, the following lotion: Eau-de-Cologne, 2 oz.; tincture of cantharides, 2 drachms; oil of rosemary and lavender, of each ten drops.

ARTHUR C.—About four weeks. SMILING ALICIA.—1. Indigestion may be the cause of your flushing. Live regularly, take plenty of open-air exercise, and wash your face with elder-flower water. 2. Cut the ends of your hair frequently. Hair washes are not necessarily injurious, but some of course are better than others. Tincture of cantharides with oil of rosemary is good, so is bay-rum.

TO A LILY.

Upon an overhanging ledge,
Close by the water's edge,
Laid hid beneath the leafy hedge,
I have found thee.

Purest, largest of thy kind,
With modest head to droop inclined,
Forcing thy slender stem to bend,
Thou beauty.

So white, so spotless, pure, and fair,
Thy fragrance on the morning air
Is sweetly borne, but floweret rare
Why bloom alone?

Why not have sprung and blossomed where
The florist tends with watchful care
Thy sister lilies not more fair
Than these obscure?

I seem to hear thee answer me,
"Alone I bloom contentedly,
Alone shall die—'tis Heaven's decree,
And I am here."

Farewell, sweet lily of the reill,
Oh, may I learn from thee the while,
Thus bending to my Maker's will,
Emblem of purity.

JESSIE and MAGGIE, two sisters, would like to correspond with two young men with a view to matrimony. Jessie is twenty, tall, dark, good-looking, fond of home. Maggie is nineteen, dark, good-looking, hazel eyes. Respondents must be good-looking, dark, fond of home and children.

SAMBO, eighteen, medium height, fond of home, would like to correspond with a young lady. Must be loving, fond of home.

MAT W., sixteen, would like to correspond with a gentleman who must be dark, fond of home, music, and children. She is tall, brown hair and eyes, considered handsome.

W. J. S. and G. M., would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. W. J. S. is twenty, good-looking, dark hair, blue eyes, fond of children. G. M. is twenty, good-looking, dark, hazel eyes, good-tempered, of a loving disposition.

SHEET-ANCHOR JACK, a seaman in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with a young lady between eighteen and twenty. He is fair, blue eyes, medium height, and good-looking.

SAM, twenty-eight, medium height, brown hair, would like to correspond with a respectable young lady about twenty.

ANNIE, LIZZIE, and FRANCES, three friends, would like to receive carte-de-visites of three young gentlemen. Annie is nineteen, tall, dark hair, grey eyes. Lizzie is eighteen, medium height, brown hair, dark blue eyes. Frances is nineteen, medium height, blue eyes, rather fair.

JACK, twenty-seven, auburn hair, hazel eyes, would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony.

ALFRED D. V., twenty-five, tall, wishes to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony. Must be good-looking.

W. F. L., seventeen, black hair, dark eyes, medium height, would like to exchange carte-de-visite with a tall, dark young gentleman with a view to matrimony, between twenty-one and thirty.

ALICE, eighteen, tall, stout, blue eyes, brown hair, good-looking, fond of home, domesticated, wishes to correspond with a seaman in the Royal Navy Barracks. Respondent must be good-tempered.

CHARLEY, twenty-five, dark hair and eyes, would like to correspond with a dark young lady about eighteen, one living in the neighbourhood of Chelsea preferred.

AMOUROUS, twenty-two, well-educated, curly hair, and good-looking, wishes to correspond with a young lady about nineteen, fond of home and music.

W. C., eighteen, tall, grey eyes, domesticated, would like to receive carte-de-visite of a young gentleman between twenty and twenty-four. Respondent must be tall, fond of home, and affectionate.

F. F., eighteen, medium height, brown hair, light eyes, domesticated, would like to correspond with a gentleman between twenty and twenty-five, medium height.

EUGENE, twenty-three, fair, dark blue eyes, tall, handsome, would like to exchange carte-de-visite with a young lady.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

E. D. is responded to by—Emily E. M., thirty, brown hair, blue eyes.

FRANCIS, a seaman in the Royal Navy, by—Maggie May, medium height, fair, dark blue eyes, and considered good-looking.

LOWLY TOM by—Lilian P., nineteen, dark, brown hair and eyes.

L. M. by—Charles Q., twenty-two, considered good-looking.

KATE by—James L., twenty-two, tall, dark, good-looking, fond of home.

NELLY by—A. J. H., twenty-seven.

K. W. by—J. M., nineteen, tall, fair, good-looking, domesticated.

M. M. by—Joe, twenty-one.

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London: Published for the Proprietors at 334, Strand, by A. SMITH & Co.